



No. 496.—VOL. XXXIX.

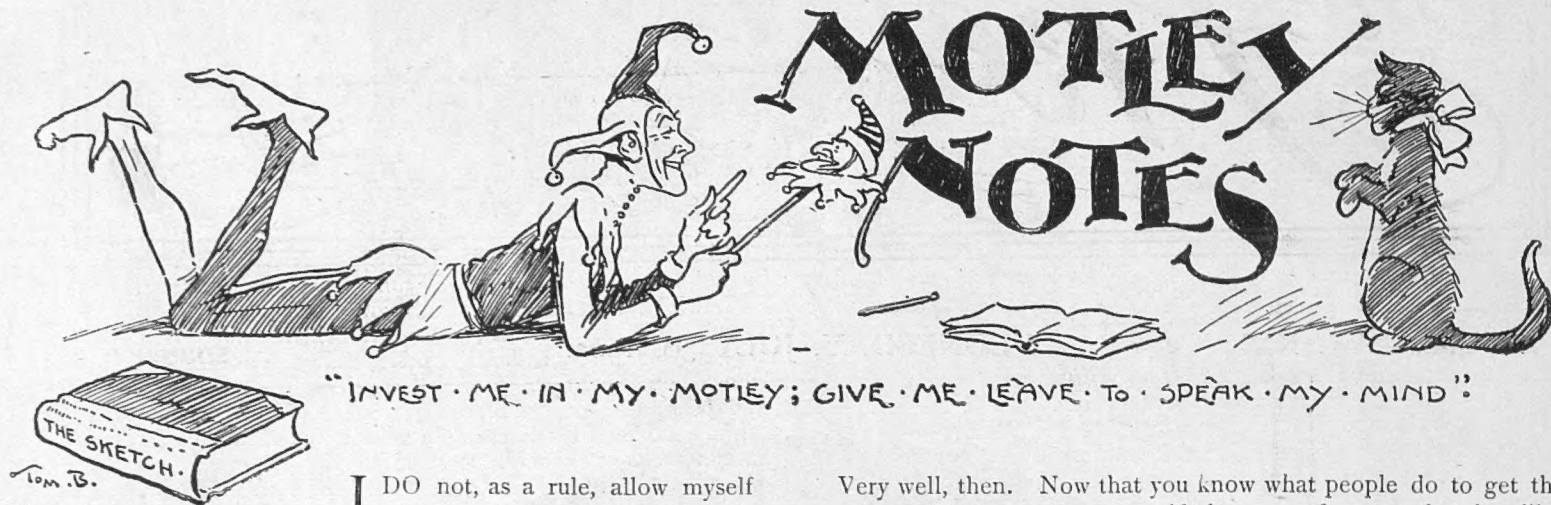
WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

A new and hitherto unpublished Portrait by Lafayette, of Dublin.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

I DO not, as a rule, allow myself to be interested in matters of urgent importance to the country at large. This is not, altogether, for the reason that I am unable to appreciate them, but because it seems to me highly necessary that someone should be in a position to take an unbiassed view of the nation's affairs. As a result of my extraordinary self-restraint, I am able to inform you that the new Anglo-American Association, to be known as the "Pilgrims," is a thing to be closely watched by every one of my readers. The Association does not arise out of a desire for ostentation on the part of a few vulgar millionaires. On the contrary, the membership is to extend throughout the English-speaking world, the qualification being public service, the Army or Navy, Science, Literature, Art, extensive travel, and so forth. There is to be no Club-house, but rooms will be engaged at the leading hotel in each city for the convenience of members and to afford them opportunities of dining together and entertaining those whom, from time to time, they desire to honour. The subscription, mark you, is not to exceed £2 per annum. I think I have said enough to show that the Association is being organised on the right lines and by people who really understand the colossal nature of the scheme upon which they have embarked. It only remains to wish the promoters very hearty support in their endeavours.

If you have any use for a real thrill of loyal pride, I may direct your attention to the photograph on page 46 of this issue of *The Sketch*. For there you will see the Coronation Regalia neatly set out and faithfully photographed for your especial benefit. With regard to the Crown—and still keeping in mind the value of a patriotic shock—I may tell you that it contains a large sapphire in the centre of the base, alternate emerald and diamond ornaments, two bands of pearls, and a famous ruby which was presented to Edward the Black Prince by Pedro of Castille, and was worn by Henry V. at the Battle of Agincourt. The ball is entirely composed of diamonds, and the cross on the top is made up of diamond oak-leaves with a sapphire centre. There! I think I have done all the necessary shocking. We will now, lest you should be led to, mistake this for the Ladies' Page, pass on to a paragraph or two for men only.

Of course, ladies may read straight on if they care to risk it, but I warn them that I am going to be terribly gross. Indeed, I purpose to discuss no more delicate a matter than masculine fat—how to get rid of it and how to acquire it. The first part of the business I am lifting, quite without permission, from last week's *Pelican*. There I find a letter from a gentleman who is staying at Llandrindod Wells for the purpose—as the Editor delicately puts it—of reducing his waist. It seems, then, that he rises every morning at six, goes to the pump-house and takes seven glasses of hot mineral-water, with a walk of twelve minutes between each glass. This feat having been successfully performed, he breakfasts, and between eleven and twelve the dear, thirsty soul swallows two glasses of iced sulphur-water, with a walk of thirty minutes between each. Lunch is served at one o'clock, and, after lunch—it sounds like a joke, doesn't it?—he gulps down two more glasses of sulphur-water. Tea, apparently, he may not take, but he fills in the interval by staying in a needle-bath for thirty minutes. As to clothing, this is what (he says) he wears whilst he is walking: A cummerbund of about ten yards of flannel, a flannel shirt, a big woollen muffler, three thick jerseys, waistcoat, coat, a pair of thick woollen gloves, thick socks, and boots.

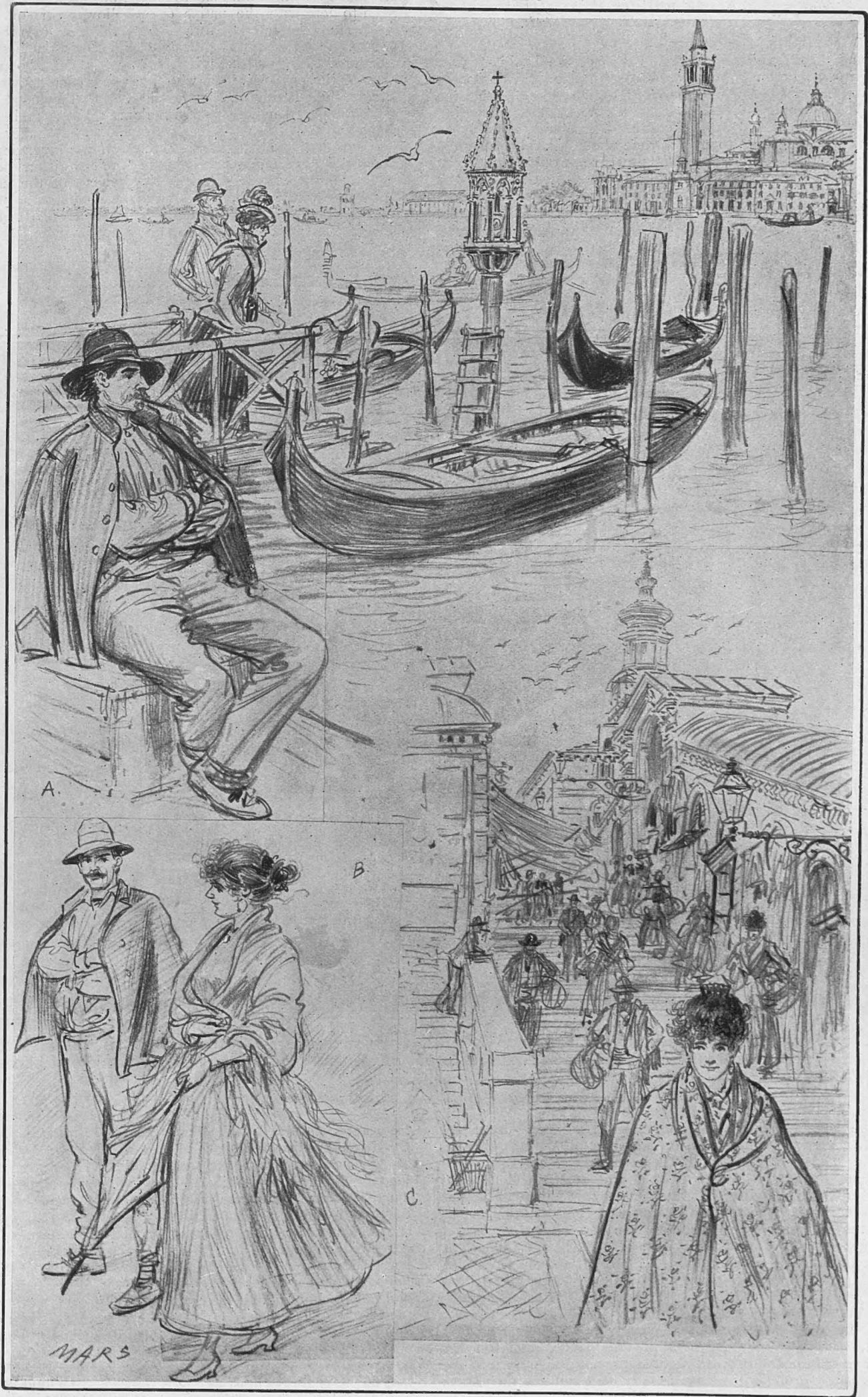
Very well, then. Now that you know what people do to get thin, you can easily decide for yourself the sort of course that it will be necessary to follow if you want to get fat. Personally, I glory in my willowy figure. In hot weather, I am cool; in cold weather, I am able to walk fast and keep warm. But, if the time should ever come when it seems expedient to me to acquire flesh, I shall simply reverse the process recorded above. That is to say, I shall rise at ten, have myself wheeled to the nearest hotel and take seven glasses of stout, with a nap of twelve minutes between each glass. Then I shall lunch off fattening foods, sleep till five, eat a plate of muffins, sleep again, and awake to dine heavily from seven to ten. From ten to twelve I shall drink whisky, and at twelve I shall cause myself to be carried upstairs, undressed, and put to bed. And of one thing I am quite certain. However fat I happened to get through following such a course as I have described, I should never, never, never attempt to get thin again if it meant subjecting myself to the terrible mental and physical tortures described by the *Pelican's* correspondent.

Next week, sweet reader, we are to have two Bank Holidays. Next week we are to surrender the streets of London for two whole days to those frenzied loyalists of whom we have read so much in the *Popular Press*. I tremble to think to what heights of maniacal joy these ecstatic patriots will attain. The worst of it is that they will have plenty of time to recover from Monday's bout before celebrating the horrid orgies of Coronation Day. If only the ordinary Bank Holiday might be postponed for a week, one would be led to hope for a sufficient number of fatal cases of alcoholic poisoning to put a pause to the mafficking hobby. As it is, however, I very much fear that life in London will be quite unendurable—except in the case of the hoarse-voiced, the generously-elbowed, and the lavishly-footed—for an entire week.

The King's illness, apart from upsetting the plans of the whole world, has had an unfortunate effect in providing increased opportunities for the ode-writer. The Coronation, as originally arranged, did not furnish much opportunity for pompous nonsense, but the Coronation following on so dramatic an interruption is having a heart-rending effect on the Editor of this paper. Indeed, the wretched rhymesters have played such havoc with his nerves that the mere sight of metre makes him feel physically ill. He asked me, therefore, to say something about it, in the hope that the hearts of the poets will be hardened and their rivulets of rubbish gush no more.

He would also be obliged, he says, if I would say a word, either in or out of season, to the thousands of sentimentalists who are constantly sending him details, in rhyme, of their cardiac symptoms. The receipt of these communications, you see, places him on the horns of a dilemma, for either he must be brutal enough to ignore them altogether, or else he must make up his mind to a thoroughly harrowing time of it. How, for example, can a man be expected to make a good lunch who has just been informed, by means of a type-written sheet, that, since the night when that farewell he kissed, the author's life has developed into a blinding mist? An Editor, after all, is stomachic as well as sentimental, and minor poets must really remember that man cannot live entirely upon withered leaves, faded flowers, silent tears, wistful sighs, perfect loves, deathless hopes, broken chains, and last dread hours. No reasonable doctor would permit him even to attempt it.

Chicost



SKETCHES IN VENICE, BY "MARS."

(A) THE GONDOLAS AND CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN AT THE RIVA DE' SCHIAVONI. (B) TYPICAL FIGURES ON THE PIAZZETTA. (C) THE PONTE DI RIALTO MARKET.

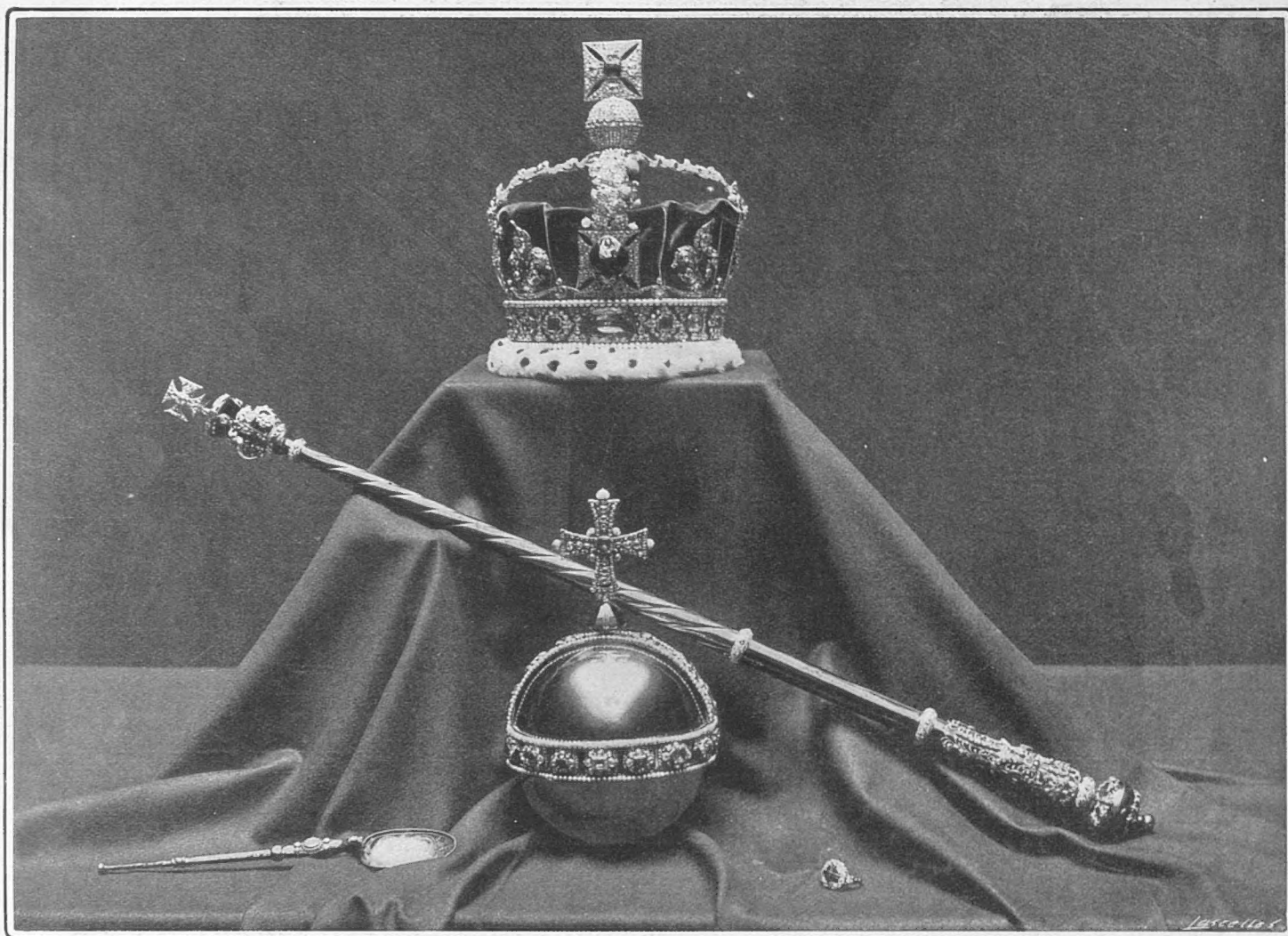
THE CLUBMAN.

The Durbar at Delhi—Some Reasons why the Prince of Wales is Not Going—Indian Servants—Mr. Harry de Windt.

THE India Office has issued its programme of the Delhi Durbar, and, though there will be some disappointment at reading that the announcement—which came from a Royal mouth—that the Prince of Wales would be present is not correct, the gathering foreshadowed will be a very splendid one. There may possibly be State reasons why the Heir to the Throne should not be in India at the time of the Durbar, for his presence would dwarf the importance of the Viceroy, who represents to the great Chiefs and to the vast masses of the people the King himself, and whose Viceroyalty is more insisted on than that of the satraps of Ireland and Canada, because an Eastern people love to see their ruler, and a splendid figure holding the powers of life and death has to be constantly in their midst. A Republic in the East would mean hopeless anarchy. The peoples of India have been used for centuries to one-man

absolutely necessary this is, for the man who arrived at Delhi during Durbar time without arrangements for food and shelter having previously been made for him would starve in the midst of plenty and would be driven to herd with the native camp-followers in some overcrowded *serai*. The unlucky wight forced to do this would go through stranger adventures than even Kim, Rudyard Kipling's outcast hero, did. If he endured to the end, he might write a wonderful book, if he had the power of the pen. A man who lives in India knows all about his servants, their family and caste, the village they come from, and he mistrusts any English-speaking domestic, or—and I am almost ashamed to write it—any Christian one. The stranger visiting India must have an English-speaking valet. The agencies at Bombay, though they do their best to keep on their registers only respectable men, cannot absolutely guarantee the honesty of the men who are on their list, for the dishonest servant in India is a man of infinite resource and invariably has the highest recommendations in "chits," the writers of which are either dead or not in India.

I am very pleased to hear that my good friend, Mr. Harry de Windt, has succeeded in the ambition of his life, that of walking



THE CORONATION REGALIA, SHOWING THE CROWN TO BE WORN BY THE KING AFTER HE LEAVES THE ABBEY, THE SCEPTRE, ANOINTING SPOON, AND THE RUBY RING WHICH IS PLACED UPON HIS MAJESTY'S FINGER BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

(SEE "MOTLEY NOTES.")

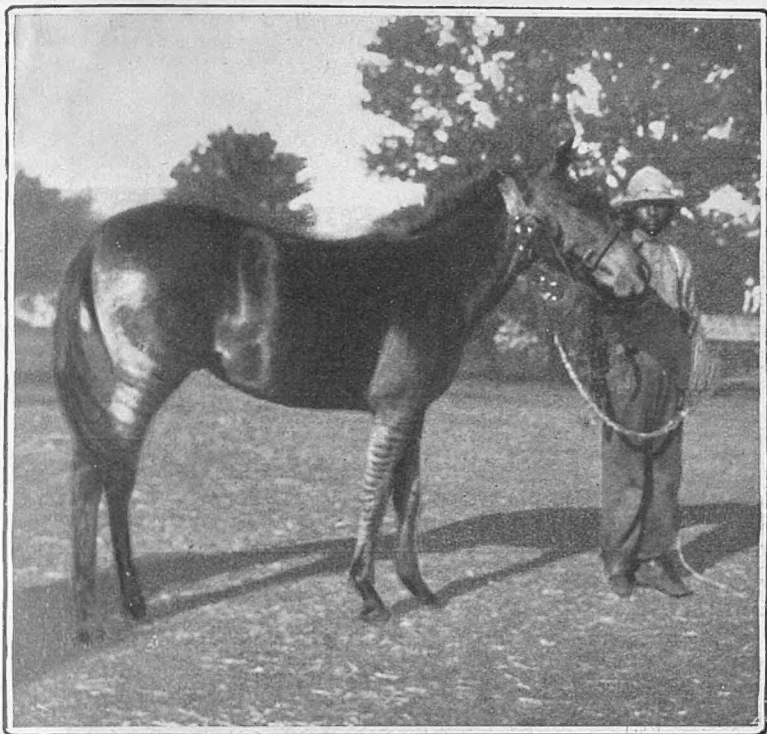
Photograph by R. Lang Sims, Brixton Road, S.W.

rule, and the more splendid the one man is, the more contented they are with their lot. Therefore the presence of a more glorious star than the Vice-Emperor, but not the Emperor himself, might be a disturbing influence. When H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was the General Commanding in the Bombay Presidency, it was expected that awkward questions of precedence might arise, for, as the son of the reigning Queen, he had the *pas* of the Governor, while, as the Presidency Commander of the Forces, he was under his orders. The tact displayed both by Lord Harris, the then Governor, and the Duke prevented any question of precedence being raised; but at the Delhi Durbar, if the Prince had gone out as the representative of the King-Emperor, the glory of the Viceroy would have been sorely dimmed. I am glad to see that the Viceroy is to enter Delhi on an elephant, with the ruling Chiefs in attendance each on his elephant. The only people who will not appreciate this return to the gorgeous pageantry of old will be the cavalry who will line the streets and the mounted officers of the infantry. Nine out of ten horses have an invincible fear of the elephant, and they become restive as soon as one of the great creatures comes within scenting distance. Nothing seems ever to cure a horse of his fear of the mammoths. The India Office memorandum emphasises the necessity of requests for tentage being sent to the Military Secretary to the Viceroy at as early a date as possible, and anyone who knows India knows how

from Paris to New York, *via* the Behring Straits, for he has crossed the dangerous icy zone and is now at Dawson City. I am pleased at his success, and I am doubly pleased because, now that the feat is done, he is likely to stay at home amongst his friends. The last time he made the attempt, he was shockingly treated by the Chukchis, as the natives near the Straits are called, and contracted pneumonia so severely that his life was at one time despaired of, and he had to spend a year in the South of Europe before he recovered. He has married a most charming wife, and in Paris, where he lives for a great portion of the year, is a veritable child of the boulevards. I always breakfast with him at Laurent's in the Champs-Élysées on the day of the Grand Prix, when he is not away on one of his exploring expeditions, and we eat a "Pompeian duck," one of the most famous dishes of the house, with extreme content, for he is a distinguished gourmet. He is something of a "Petit Maître," too, for he is always most perfectly dressed. The casual acquaintance would think him incapable of going days without food, and, when it was obtainable, living on walrus blubber, and of sleeping in the open with the thermometer at seventy-eight degrees below zero; yet that is what he has done. Harry de Windt is one of the very few foreigners who ever saw the capital punishment of "the thousand deaths" inflicted in China, and an account he wrote of it, many years ago, is one of the most creepy bits of literature I ever read.

A REMARKABLE ZEBRA HYBRID.

THE accompanying photograph of a remarkable zebra hybrid which Lord Kitchener brought home for presentation to the King is of peculiar interest. The animal (which, properly speaking, should be described as a "quagga," being a cross between a zebra and a pony) was bought as a yearling in South Africa by Captain A. C. Webb, of the Johannesburg Remount Dépôt, who, after training it to the saddle, sent it home by Lord Kitchener as a present to His Majesty. The quagga is an inch and a-quarter over thirteen hands; the body-colour brown, lightening to bay on the head



THE ZEBRA HYBRID (BROUGHT HOME BY LORD KITCHENER FOR PRESENTATION TO THE KING) NOW AT THE "ZOO,"

and legs, with very peculiar striping. The marks on the body and cheeks are almost vertical, the leg markings horizontal to the hocks, below which the colour is black, while the dorsal stripe tapers to the tail. The animal is very beautiful and shapely, strongly resembling a well-grown pony, with a quiet, easy temper. When first brought home by Lord Kitchener, it was quartered in the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace, but, as the King has decided that so remarkable a hybrid specimen should find a place in the Zoological Gardens, it was taken to Regent's Park last week by two of the Royal grooms, who led it quietly through the busy streets without attracting any attention. It occupies, for the present, a big loose-box in the Upper Yard in the "Zoo," where it has apparently made itself quite at home and comfortable. From a scientific point of view, the new-comer is said to be one of the most remarkable animals that have come into the possession of the Society for many years. The photograph was taken at the Remount Dépôt at Johannesburg.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S PLANS.

Just as *The Sketch* was going to press, Sir Henry Irving might have been observed packing-up in order to proceed to North Cornwall for a five weeks' rest. On Sept. 22, Sir Henry will start a provincial tour, lasting till just upon Christmas, and, soon after the "Festive Season," he must tour again till April. Sir Henry informed me before he started that, owing to the Lyceum, Limited, having apparently arranged to sell that theatre and not to run it again themselves, he has resolved to secure another theatre whereat to produce the Dante play which Sardou has at last finished. In spite of all rumours to the contrary, Sir Henry has not yet received the "script" of this play, but only a complete scenario thereof. I find that this synopsis is detailed enough in every way to permit Sir Henry to prepare for what seems likely to be (from what I have seen of these plans) the grandest production he has yet given. Sir Henry will, of course, play the name-part, and a fine part it appears to be, from his description. Miss Terry also has a fine character. Miss Loftus will not be in the Dante play, as she finishes her engagement with Sir Henry Irving's Company at the end of the next tour. Mr. Laurence Irving, who is to adapt "Dante," will in a day or two receive the manuscript.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have forwarded interesting photographs for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written clearly on the back of each portrait and view submitted.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. TREE.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30 (except Saturday).
LAST TWO WEEKS. THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. LAST TWO WEEKS.
LAST MATINEES { TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) } at 2.15.
{ SATURDAY, Aug. 2 }
{ WEDNESDAY, Aug. 6 }

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon.
EVERY EVENING at 9. MISS ANNIE HUGHES.
A COUNTRY MOUSE.
Preceded at 8.15 by A HIT OF OLD CHELSEA.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 3.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.—EVERY EVENING, at 9. MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH in THE BISHOP'S MOVE, a New Comedy by John Oliver Hobbes and Murray Carson. At 8.30, A PAIR OF KNICKERBOCKERS. MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 3.

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INTENDING TOURISTS

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are advised to send Twelve Penny Stamps to the Superintendent of Line, Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin, and they will receive by return the Company's Official Illustrated Guide and Tourist Programme, giving all information as to Hotels and Travel by Rail, Coach, Lake and River Steamers, and Cycles, in the South and West, including
QUEENSTOWN, CORK, GLENGARIEFF, KILLARNEY, PARKNASILLA, WATERVILLE, CARAGH LAKE, LAHINCH, KILKEE, CONNEMARA, UPPER AND LOWER SHANNON, &c.
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For full particulars as to fares, &c., apply to SUPERINTENDENT of the Line, Kingsbridge Station (Dublin).

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Paddington dep. 4.30 p.m.	Killarney dep. 4.10 p.m.
Bristol (Temple Meads) 6.45 "	Cork 5.10 "
Bristol (Stapleton Road) 7.7 "	Limerick 6.5 "
New Milford (Steamer) 11.55 "	Waterford (Steamer) 10.0 "
Waterford arr. 6.5 a.m.	New Milford 6.30 a.m.
Limerick 9.55 "	Bristol (Stapleton Road) arr. 10.20 "
Cork 10.35 "	Bristol (Temple Meads) 10.51 "
Killarney 11.58 "	Paddington 1.5 p.m.

Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.	Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.
Paddington dep. 4.30 p.m.	Cork (by Steamer) dep. 7.0 p.m.
New Milford 11.30 "	New Milford 6.30 a.m.
Cork (by Steamer) arr. 9.0 a.m.	Paddington arr. 1.5 p.m.

Tourist Tickets issued and frequent Excursions run.
For Full Particulars, see Time-tables and Notices.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

THE FOLLOWING THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS WILL NOT BE RUN—
SUNDAY, AUG. 3, 12.5 midnight PLYMOUTH to PADDINGTON.

MONDAY, AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

7.25 a.m.—Paddington to Penzance as between Paddington and Plymouth.	
9.30 a.m.—Paddington to Birkenhead and the Cambrian Line.	
9.35 a.m.—Paddington to Southampton as between Newbury, Winchester, and Southampton.	
10.35 a.m.—Paddington to Penzance.	
10.45 a.m.—Paddington to New Milford.	
11.25 a.m.—Paddington to Birkenhead as between Paddington and Birmingham.	
11.35 a.m.—Paddington to Kingswear.	
12.35 p.m.—Paddington to Weymouth.	
1.40 p.m.—Paddington to Hereford, Kidderminster, and Stourbridge Junction.	
1.45 p.m.—Paddington to Stourbridge Junction as between Chipping Norton Junction and Cheltenham.	
2.15 p.m.—Paddington to Birkenhead as between Paddington and Birmingham.	
2.25 p.m.—Paddington to Weymouth.	
2.55 p.m.—Paddington to Penzance as between Paddington and Plymouth.	
3.35 p.m.—Paddington to Swansea.	
4.45 p.m.—Paddington to Wolverhampton as between Paddington and Oxford.	
5.15 p.m.—Paddington to Weston-super-Mare as between Chippenham and Weston-super-Mare.	
6.50 a.m.—Weston-super-Mare to Paddington as between Bristol and Paddington.	
7.20 a.m.—Wolverhampton to Paddington as between Oxford and Paddington.	
8.30 a.m.—Swansea to Paddington.	
10.0 a.m.—Shrewsbury to Paddington as between Birmingham and Paddington.	
11.0 a.m.—Penzance to Paddington.	
11.10 a.m.—New Milford to Paddington.	
11.20 a.m.—Ilfracombe to Paddington as between Taunton and Paddington.	
11.30 a.m.—Newton Abbot to Paddington.	
12.45 p.m.—From Hereford and the 12.37 p.m. from Stourbridge Junction and Kidderminster to Paddington.	
1.10 p.m.—Weymouth to Paddington.	
3.28 p.m.—Wolverhampton to Paddington.	

For particulars of other and local trains discontinued or altered during the HOLIDAYS, see SPECIAL NOTICES.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

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SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS TO PARIS, via FOLKESTONE and
BOULOGNE, and DOVER and CALAIS, on Thursday, July 31, Friday, Aug. 1, and
Saturday, Aug. 2, leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 and 9 p.m., and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m.; also
from CHARING CROSS, via FOLKESTONE and BOULOGNE, at 10 a.m. on Aug. 2.
Returning from Paris at 3 p.m., via BOULOGNE, or at 9 p.m., via CALAIS, any day within
14 days.

CHEAP TICKETS available for certain specified periods will be issued to BOULOGNE,
BRUSSELS, CALAIS, OSTEND, AMSTERDAM, THE HAGUE, &c., during the Holidays.
CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS,
BEXHILL-ON-SEA, CANTERBURY, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON,
WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL,
WALMER, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, SHORNCLEIFFE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, and NEW
ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), will be issued from LONDON by certain Trains on
Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1 and 2, available to return on Wednesday, Aug. 6.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on BANK HOLIDAY from the principal LONDON
STATIONS to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
GRAVESEND, HASTINGS, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY,
BIRCHINGTON, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE,
FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSION to Aldershot on BANK HOLIDAY, leaving CHARING
CROSS at 6.50 a.m. and 9.24 a.m.

Also CHEAP AFTERNOON EXCURSION to WHITSTABLE and HERNE BAY on
SUNDAY, AUG. 3, leaving VICTORIA and HOLBORN at 2.55 p.m., and CHARING
CROSS at 2 p.m.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on BANK HOLIDAY. Return Fare from London,
including admission, 1s. 6d., Third Class.

For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets,
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VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

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THROUGH TICKETS are issued at the principal booking-offices in England and Scotland to
INVERNESS and THE HIGHLANDS via Aberdeen and Elgin. Tickets may be routed
via Aberdeen in one direction and via Dunkeld in the other direction, or vice versa.

ABERDEEN is most convenient for breaking journey and for visiting. BALLATER,
BALMORAL, HRAEMAR, ELGIN, and other places of attraction.

Fast Trains are run between ABERDEEN and INVERNESS, via Elgin, in connection with
the Express Trains of the West and East Coast and Midland Companies.

GOLF.

The Company's Golf Course at Cruden Bay is one of the best in the Kingdom.

THE HOTELS owned and managed by the Company are the PALACE HOTEL, Aberdeen
(direct entrance from the Station platform), and the CRUDEN BAY HOTEL, Port Erroll.

Tourist Guides, Illustrated Programmes, Hotel Tariffs, and every information given on
application to
Aberdeen.

W. MOFFATT, Secretary.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS
FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.

SCOTLAND.
Friday, Aug. 1, to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, and
ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND, for 5, 11, or 16 days.
PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND SEASIDE.
Saturday, Aug. 2, to Principal Towns in the
MIDLAND COUNTIES, the PEAK DISTRICT OF DERBYSHIRE,
THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, YORKSHIRE WATERING-PLACES, and
The SEASIDE RESORTS on the LANCASHIRE and NORTH-EAST COASTS,
For various periods up to 7 days.
LOCAL EXCURSIONS.
Monday, Aug. 4, to SOUTHBEND-ON-SEA, ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, LUTON,
BEDFORD, KETTERING, BIRMINGHAM, LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH, and
NOTTINGHAM.

SEASON EXCURSIONS.
Fortnightly Excursions have been arranged to SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and the NORTH
OF ENGLAND; also Weekly Excursions to GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, HELENSBURGH,
THE ISLE OF MAN, PEAK DISTRICT OF DERBYSHIRE, THE LAKE DISTRICT, and
THE LANCASHIRE and NORTH-EAST COASTS.

WEEK-END TRIPS.
The week-end tickets issued on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1 and 2, from LONDON
(ST. PANCRAS) and other Midland stations to the PRINCIPAL SEASIDE AND INLAND
RESORTS will be available for return up to Aug. 6.

APPLY FOR PROGRAMMES
containing complete particulars of these arrangements to the District Superintendent,
ST. PANCRAS Station; at the MIDLAND Stations and City Booking-Offices; or at any of
Messrs. Cook and Son's Agencies.

SUMMER EXPRESS SERVICE (WEEK-DAYS) TO THE "PEAK" OF DERBYSHIRE.

		A	A	A	A	A	A	B
LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) dep.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	night.
Matlock Bath	5 15	8 30	10 15	12 30	2 10	4 5	5 35	12 C15
Matlock Bridge	8 39	12 46	1 27	4 21	5 29	7 29	...	4 2
BUXTON	8 43	12 50	1 31	4 26	5 35	7 33	8 49	...
	9 25	1 55	2 15	4 30	6 10	8 15	9 32	...

A—Breakfast, Luncheon, or Dining Cars. B—Sleeping Cars.
C—Leaves at 12.5 Sunday nights (Monday mornings).
For Sunday Service, see the Company's Time Tables.

On Saturday, Aug. 2, Bank Holiday, Aug. 4, and Tuesday, Aug. 5, certain train services will
be WITHDRAWN. Some of the LUNCHEON and DINING CARS will also be SUSPENDED
on Bank Holiday. See the Company's Time Tables for particulars.
Derby, July 1902. JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

CONVENIENT EXPRESS TRAINS FOR TOURISTS AND FAMILIES.

NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.

London (Euston)	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Rhyl	arr.	2 37	4 30	6 53
Colwyn Bay	"	3 3	4 50	7 33
Llandudno	"	3 30	5 20	7 45
Penmaenmawr	"	4 8	5 22	7 36
Rangor	"	3 24	5 43	7 55
Pwllheli	"	5 20	...	9 50
Criccieth	"	5 13	...	9 38

London (Euston)	dep.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Barmouth	arr.	4 40	6 10	...
Aberystwyth	"	4 20	5 45	9 35

CENTRAL WALES.

London (Euston)	dep.	a.m.	p.m.
Llandrindod Wells	arr.	4 15	7 5
Llangammarch Wells	"	4 52	7 38
Llanwrtyd Wells	"	5 5	7 44

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

London (Euston)	dep.	a.m.	a.m.
Blackpool	arr.	4 9	...
Morecambe	"	3 49	4 27
Windermere	"	...	5 5
Keswick	"	...	6 3

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices.

Euston, July 1902.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

THE CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS, usually issued each Friday
and Saturday, will be issued on Friday, Aug. 1, or Saturday, Aug. 2, available for return on
Sunday, Aug. 3, Monday, Aug. 4, Tuesday, Aug. 5, or Wednesday, Aug. 6, with the exception that
tickets to Caister-on-Sea, West Runton, Cromer, Mablethorpe, Mundesley-on-Sea, Weybourne,
Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, Woodhall Spa, and Yarmouth are available for return on
day of issue or on any day up to Wednesday, Aug. 6, inclusive (if train service admits).

CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS, SUBURBAN
STATIONS, &c.).

On Wednesday, July 30, and each Wednesday until Sept. 17, for 8 days, to SHERINGHAM,
CROMER (Beach), MUNDESELEY-ON-SEA, YARMOUTH (Beach), SKEGNESS,
SUTTON-ON-SEA, and MABLETHORPE.

On Friday, Aug. 1, for 5, 11, or 16 days, to NORTHALLERTON, DARLINGTON,
RICHMOND, DURHAM, NEWCASTLE, ALNWICK, BERWICK, EDINBURGH,
GLASGOW, OBAN, PERTH, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN, INVERNESS, and other stations
in Scotland; also for 3, 6, or 8 days to PETERBOROUGH, GRANTHAM, NOTTINGHAM,
NEWARK, RETFORD, SHEFFIELD, MANCHESTER, WARRINGTON, LIVERPOOL,
DONCASTER, WAKEFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, HALIFAX, &c.

On Saturday, Aug. 2, for 3, 6, or 8 days to PRINCIPAL STATIONS in NORFOLK,
LINCOLNSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, YORK-
SHIRE, NORTH-EASTERN DISTRICT, &c.; also for 1, 3, or 4 days to SKEGNESS,
SUTTON-ON-SEA, and MABLETHORPE.

On Saturday, Aug. 2, and each Saturday until Sept. 28, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to
SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, MABLETHORPE, GRIMSBY, NEW CLEE, CLEE-
THORPES, BRIDLINGTON, FILEY, SCARBOROUGH, ROBIN HOOD'S BAY,
WHITBY, SALTBURN, REDCAR, APPLEBY, KESWICK, PENRITH, TYNEMOUTH,
WHITLEY BAY, CULLERCOATS, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, and DOUGLAS (Isle
of Man).

On Bank Holiday, Aug. 4, for 1, 2, or 3 days, to GRANTHAM and NOTTINGHAM, also for
1 day to ST. ALBANS, HERTFORD, WHEATHAMSTEAD, HARPENDEN, LUTON,
DUNSTABLE, HITCHIN, BALDOCK, ROYSTON, CAMBRIDGE, BIGGLESWADE,
SANDY, TEMPSFORD, ST. NEOTS, HUNTINGDON, PETERBOROUGH, SKEGNESS,
SUTTON-ON-SEA, and MABLETHORPE.

On Tuesday, Aug. 5, for 1 day to SKEGNESS.
For fares and full particulars see Bills, to be obtained at the Company's Stations and Town
Offices.

OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Some Coronation Items.

In spite of all rumours to the contrary, many foreign Royal personages of the highest rank intend to make a point of coming back to this country in order to be present at the Coronation. This will naturally be the case with the members of the Greek, of the Danish, of the Russian, and of the Belgian Royal Families, who are closely connected by ties of blood with the King and Queen, and it is a curious fact that there will be even more Peers and Peeresses present on Aug. 9 than there were to have been on June 26. In the intervening space of time, there have, however, been two sad bereavements—the Duke of Atholl has lost his charming and accomplished Duchess, and the Duke of Norfolk his only son. The most interesting addition to the Peers who will be present is, of course, Lord Kitchener, for whom a place will certainly be found in the King's Procession.

A Royal Coronation Rehearsal.

It seems almost imperative that their Majesties should go through some kind of rehearsal of the august ceremony which is to take place so soon. It was because this important function was omitted in 1838 that Queen Victoria's Coronation was blemished with so many trifling incidents which are known to have caused the maiden Sovereign considerable annoyance and distress at the time of their occurrence. The King will have a busy three days, the more so that His Majesty, should his health allow of it, intends to hold a review of the Indian contingents now in or near London in the spacious park of Buckingham Palace.

The Coronation Illuminations.

London will be even more finely illuminated next week than was to have been the case on the June Coronation Day. The City, in spite of the fact that the Corporation is believed to have lost £20,000 owing to the lamented postponement, will be splendidly lit up, and an attempt will be made to add something to the already fine illuminations arranged on the bridges and the Embankment, while Marlborough House and St. James's Palace will have several additions to their already existing scheme of decoration. The hotels will not be behindhand in the matter of making a brave show; and this is only right, for they, at least, will reap a double harvest on this occasion.



MISS ETHEL HENRY, THE CLEVER ENGLISH ACTRESS WHO HAS MADE A GREAT REPUTATION IN AMERICA AS AN ENTERTAINER.

Photograph by Jacolette.

Suggested Viceroy.

It would seem as if the Irish Viceroyalty was going a-begging, and it is a curious fact that many a great British Peer would far prefer even the offer of distant Canada to that of the "dear, distressful country" which lies so close to England's shores. A suggestion which has been received with rapture in Ireland is that of a Royal Viceroy—to wit, the Duke of Connaught, who, together with his charming German Duchess, has made himself immensely popular in Dublin. Royalty stands so high above petty disputes and political bickerings that from some points of view the appointment would be an ideal one, the more so that the Duke of Connaught is believed to have considerable administrative ability. Of course, the real reason why so many popular Peers fear accepting the position of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is owing to the fact that the official income is not nearly large enough to meet the absolutely necessary expenses. Irish people are noted for their hospitality, and they naturally expect their Viceroy to equal them in this respect.

Princess Beatrice of Coburg.

It is said that the Czarevitch will shortly be betrothed to Princess Beatrice of Coburg, a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria and the youngest daughter of the late Duke of Coburg and Edinburgh. The Czarevitch is the brother of the Czar and his Heir-Presumptive, as, so far, the Emperor of Russia's family consists only of daughters. The Czarevitch used to be in very poor health, but his residence in the Caucasus has greatly strengthened him, and he has almost recovered. The Princess Beatrice is the youngest of her family, and at home in England was always known as "Little Bea" by her mother and sisters.

Miss Ethel Henry.

Miss Ethel Henry, who has just dashed over to England for a few breaths of English summer air, is still achieving triumphs in America as a reciter and entertainer. I wonder that more English actresses do not take advantage of the fine, rich field that is opened up to them in the United States. Miss Henry deserves all her success, if only for her pluck and enterprise.

The Pope's Nurse.

It seems almost incredible that Pope Leo the Thirteenth's nurse should still be alive, as the Pope himself is now ninety-one years of age. Anna Moreni, who, when

she was fifteen years old, used to carry little Joachim Pecci as a child of four out for his walk, is now an old woman of one hundred and two, and last week she went to the Vatican and paid her old master a visit. The Pope was most interested, and gave her an interview of half-an-hour, talking over the events of his childhood.

The King's New Doctor.

Dr. A. R. Bankart, who has been one of the signatories of the bulletins issued since the King's arrival at Cowes, is the Naval Surgeon attached to the Royal Yacht and enjoys considerable reputation in Royal circles—a fact which explains the departure made from precedent



DR. A. R. BANKART, M.V.O.,
IN ATTENDANCE UPON THE KING ON BOARD THE
"VICTORIA AND ALBERT."
Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

when a position which should, strictly, be filled by a Fleet Surgeon was given to an officer of only five or six years' seniority. Dr. Bankart's first appointment was to the Admiral's yacht in the Mediterranean, and he was on duty with her when she was commissioned to convey the late Duke of Coburg from Naples to Cairo. During the voyage the Duke became ill, and Dr. Bankart successfully combated an ailment which many European specialists had given up as hopeless. More than this, when returning from Cairo, he strongly urged an operation from which other medical men had as strongly advised the Royal patient to abstain.

The Duke was persuaded, the doctor's skill triumphed, and the result was an introduction to Queen Victoria, who personally thanked the doctor and conferred the Victorian Order upon him. Now, it is more than likely that he will be advanced in the Order, in recognition of his aid during the King's convalescence. By-the-by, while writing of His Majesty's medical advisers, it is interesting to note that the menu of every meal taken by the King is passed and initialled by one of his doctors before it is served.

The Ostend Season. The Season at Ostend has begun well. The weather is very bright and sunny, and visitors are pouring into the town at the rate of a thousand a-day. The Shah of Persia and his numerous suite excite much interest. The retinue all wear the fez and the quaint frock-coat with the curious box-pleats at the back, and it is impossible to say whether one is having the felicity of gazing on the Grand Vizier or merely being refreshed by the sight of a Persian attendant. The other day, the Shah himself was to be seen shooting from a parapet in front of his hotel at some little sand-hills which had been erected for his amusement. He is by no means a poor marksman, and succeeded in hitting a penny as it fell through the air. He did not appear to mind the crowd of appreciative spectators which pressed round him. Indeed, he and his suite go in and out among the people with very little formality, and he is often at the evening concerts in the Kursaal. Prince Komatsu of Japan has also arrived, so that Ostend is becoming quite accustomed to illustrious visitors.

The amusements at the Kursaal are in full swing. M. Saint-Saëns, the great composer, conducted the orchestra at a concert of his own works given last week. The Kursaal was absolutely thronged with visitors, and he received an ovation at the conclusion, one excitable member of the orchestra even going so far as to kiss him on both cheeks, a sight somewhat astonishing to English eyes. At the rehearsal in the morning, M. Saint-Saëns showed himself sufficiently exacting, and even held his fingers to his ears in horror over the execution of certain passages. The orchestra, no doubt, were very grateful for so valuable a lesson from the celebrated musician, for they all crowded round at the conclusion, trying to get a word with him. The Coronation March with which he opened his programme is really magnificent. People are of opinion that the closing of the gambling-rooms next year will not much affect the popularity of Ostend.

Leader of the Lords. The Duke of Devonshire has entered without fuss on his new duties as Leader of the House of Lords. Although fifteen years older than the new Prime Minister, he is quite pleased, in his modest, loyal spirit, to work under Mr. Balfour. The Duke is a favourite among the Peers. He sleeps sometimes during discussion, with head tilted back, and he lacks the

oratorical skill of Lord Salisbury; but he is respected and trusted for his common sense, his fairness, and his sympathy with the ordinary views of ordinary men. Although twenty-two years have passed since he ceased to lead the Opposition in the House of Commons, he has taken up his new position as if he were born to it. The head of the house of Cavendish, as the Duke of Abercorn has said, is an acceptable Leader for the Lords.

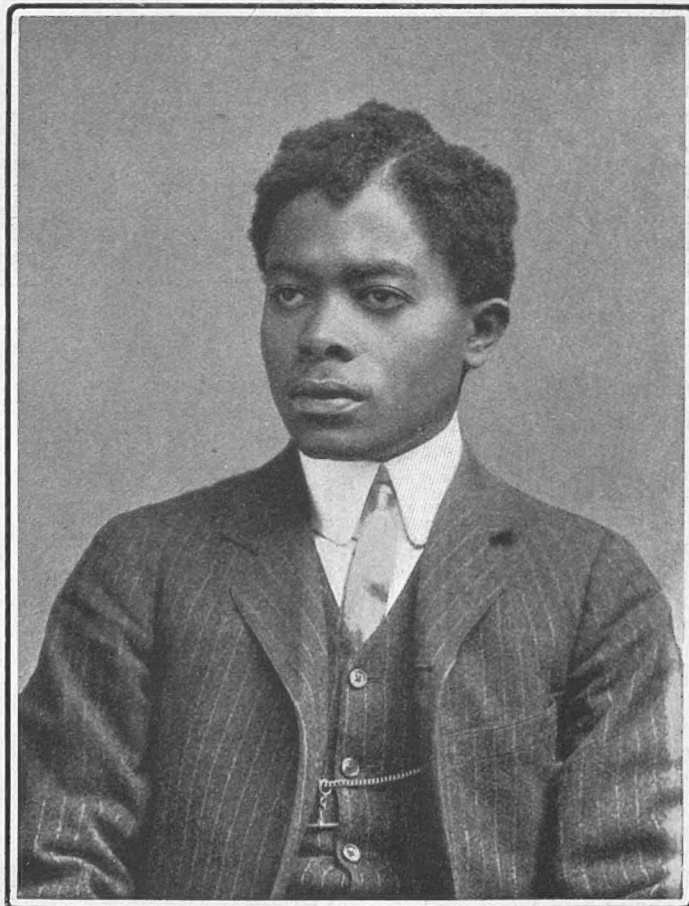
Church and School. The controversies on the Education Bill appear to be endless. Week after week the Bill has been discussed in the House of Commons; it is not nearly finished, and members are coming back in October to renew the conflict between the Church and the Nonconformists. Denominational education is insisted upon on the one side, while the Liberals, as a rule, would be content with secular education and Bible teaching, but demand popular control of schools which are henceforth to receive aid from the rates. The composition of the Managing Committee is the chief subject of contention. Popular representation is to be as two in six. With this proportion the Liberals are certainly not content. They have been fighting the Bill at every point, and they have found keen, indefatigable leaders in Mr. Bryce and Mr. Lloyd-George.

General Buller's Case.

The case of General Buller has not been advanced by recent discussion in Parliament. Sir Edward Grey hints that, if everything were disclosed, public opinion might be in the General's favour. The only new disclosure, however, is that, when Sir Redvers Buller sent his much-discussed heliogram to Sir George White in the middle of December 1899, he had in his possession a message despatched by Sir George at the end of November saying he had provisions for seventy days and believed he could hold Ladysmith while they lasted.

The New Sultan of Zanzibar.

After the rising which occurred at the accession of Hamoud bin Mahomed bin Said as Sultan of Zanzibar, the British Government decided to fix the succession, in order that the Pretender Khaled might be excluded. Hamoud's son, who becomes Sultan by the death of his father, was selected and was brought to England to be educated at Harrow. His school-days differed little from those of the ordinary Public School boy, save that, if rumour be true, they were remarkable for an entire lack of ambition. Not only did the new Sultan, who is said to be bright and intelligent, remain at the bottom of the school, but he was equally careless of prowess in the playing-field, where his football in particular was of a wild rather than of a skilful nature. Chosen to represent the Protectorate at the Coronation, he took up his quarters at a West-End hotel as a guest of the King, but the postponement of the festivities and his father's illness made it necessary for him to return to Zanzibar, where, by this time, he should have arrived. Seyyid Ali, who will be under the care of Mr. Rogers, the Prime Minister, until he is twenty-one, has followed Oriental custom by marrying his cousin, a Princess of the Royal House, eleven years of age.



SEYYID ALI, THE NEW SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.
Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Children in "The Temple."

One of the most pleasing sights of London is to be seen each summer evening in the Inner Temple Gardens, when poor children from far and near disport themselves on the beautifully kept greensward. Few people are aware, probably least of all the little ones themselves, that this highly prized privilege was granted in the first place as long ago as 1815, when children were admitted to the Gardens to celebrate by their rejoicings Wellington's great victory of Waterloo. Every summer for nearly ninety years the precincts of the venerable Temple have echoed and re-echoed from six o'clock till half-past eight with children's happy voices. But, if the little people are not aware of the origin of the usage, they none the less appreciate the privilege, and very rarely indeed is the kindly beadle in charge called upon to assert his authority. Long before the time for opening the gates, the little ones arrive, some wheeling tiny brothers and sisters in out-of-date perambulators, and they sit in rows on the pavement patiently awaiting the stroke of the hour. The minutes are whiled away in divesting themselves of their boots and like preparations, and, the signal given, the children rush in to enjoy the Freedom of

Fine Art Society.

Even those art-lovers who have not been to Venice must be familiar with the appearance of the ancient and ill-fated Campanile through the works of Canaletto at the National Gallery. But Canaletto was a man with a manner, and, however one may admire his renderings of the structure, there is interest in noting what impression it has made on other artists. It was a happy thought, therefore, of the Fine Art Society to collect a number of representations of the Campanile by various painters, showing the tower under many different atmospheric conditions. There are drawings by Mr. Pennell, Ruskin, and Prout, and some works by Mr. Fulleylove include a view taken from the top of the building. Its impressive character is to be recognised in pictures by S. Hodson, Arthur Severn, Miss Benecke, and some Italian painters; while the beauties of the carving and decoration that embellished its base, as well as the magnificence of its gates, are rendered in an elaborately finished work by E. Wade Cook. Those who wish to renew their memories of the edifice have here an excellent opportunity; and, on visiting the exhibition, they may be recommended also to give some attention to the comprehensive collection of



A SUMMER EVENING IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

Photograph by J. P. Coughlan.

the Temple, leaving their perambulators in the watchful beadle's charge. What would Bumble have said to this?

Doré Gallery.

This institution no longer relies on the attractions of a single painter, but now offers a constantly varying exhibition of artistic work. The latest show arranged here is that of water-colours by Miss Bishopp, a Kentish lady who represents many characteristic scenes of her own county, some of the architecture of Oxford and Cambridge, and attractive "bits" from various other places at home and abroad. Her work has occasionally been seen in the London galleries, but the present collection of nearly one hundred examples affords an exceptional opportunity of appreciating her skill. She uses water-colour with remarkable facility and breadth of treatment in landscape, and her architectural work shows admirable regard for the character of the old buildings that she portrays. Her colour is pleasant, and, altogether, her reputation should be much enhanced by this show. In the same galleries are to be seen the effective Indian scenes by Mr. R. D. Mackenzie, whose warlike array of "Baluchis" and "Afghans" is presented with much character and movement, and whose jungle picture of tigers and their prey deserves appreciation for its naturalistic qualities, though somewhat deficient in colour. There are also clever water-colours of Welsh scenes by Mr. Alfred Powell, and oil-paintings by the late Dawnward Birch, an artist who had a very poetical regard for Nature, though he did not meet with widespread recognition.

imaginative drawings, studies, and various designs by the late Sir Noel Paton, whose industry and individual sense of beauty will be the better appreciated from an examination of the works now exhibited.

Continental Gallery.

The landscapes by Mr. Tatton Winter at the Continental Gallery are generally atmospheric, and sometimes poetical. Nature in her more reserved and unfamiliar moods has attractions for the artist who seeks her characteristics at dusk, dawn, and nightfall, and is consequently faced by unusual difficulties, for the effects are fleeting and the light is necessarily trying to the painter at the moments that Mr. Winter selects. In the centre room are hung Mr. F. Carruthers Gould's political cartoons, and these will be a source of amusement to visitors of all shades of opinion. The inner room contains an attractive group of tinted drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson illustrating Charles Reade's "Peg Woffington."

Modern Gallery.

A diversified show of work by modern artists is held at this gallery, including a few of Mr. Tom Simpson's brilliant water-colours, a number of graceful drawings and paintings of girls' heads by Montavani-Gutti, some low-toned and rather original representations of Venice by Mr. R. J. Enraght-Moony, clever figure-work by Miss Kathleen Shaw, and several examples by Mr. Alexander Williams. I am glad also to welcome some sparkling little pictures by Mr. A. Ludovici, an artist of exceptional ability.

"Towards Another World."

Mr. Alfred Mosely, C.M.G., is presenting to the town of Plymouth a splendid monument dedicated to the memory of the late Prince Christian Victor and the officers and men of the Gloucester, Somerset, and Devonshire Regiments who fell in the Boer War. The monument will be in the form of an obelisk of granite—the shaft of red, the base of green, and the steps of grey granite. On each of the four sides of the base there will be a bronze panel; the first is in memory of Prince Christian Victor; the second represents the Devons in their famous charge at Wagon Hill; the third, which is not yet completed, shows the Gloucester and Somerset Regiments in action; and the fourth contains the inscription.

The panel dedicated to the memory of Prince Christian Victor has been executed by Mr. Emil Fuchs, M.V.O. The subject is treated allegorically, and is entitled "Towards Another World." It is a very fine example of this gentleman's work, and I take pleasure in reproducing a photograph of it. The other three panels are by Mr. Oscar Whiting, who, it will be remembered, exhibited in last year's Academy a panel named "The Guns Going into Action at Colenso"—a striking work of which Mr. Mosely became the purchaser. The obelisk will be erected on Plymouth Hoe, facing the Citadel and overlooking the town, and a more appropriate site could probably not have been found in England. The foundation-stone is to be laid on Aug. 4 by Lady Butler, the wife of the General Commanding the Western District.

Bush-fires in New Zealand.

Autumn in New Zealand is the time of the bush-fires. As soon as the hot months of summer have done their work, thousands of acres of forest are set blazing, until in some districts the country lies under a pall of smoke, and along the coast navigation is hindered by the huge clouds that drift out to sea. Throughout the year, the bushmen, who usually undertake the work by contract with the farmers, have been busy felling and "underscrubbing." All the tangled undergrowth of creeper and sapling and tree-fern, smothered with moss and lichens and carpeted with beds of smaller ferns, delicate as sea-weed, all this is ruthlessly slashed down, and the trees within a certain limit of size are felled with axe and saw. This done, it only remains to pray for dry weather and a good burn. Fires are lighted, and in an hour or two acres of magnificent forest are going up in smoke and flame. If one can look on with a farmer's eyes and harden one's heart to the wholesale destruction of valuable timber and exquisite natural beauties, then one can snatch a fearful joy in watching a good bush-fire. It is a wonderful and a terrible sight, especially in a country where the fire has passed once and only dead timber is standing, to watch the billows of flame roaring up the hillsides before a strong

breeze. It is a matter of years, almost of generations, before the hillsides are rid of the white ghosts of their once luxuriant forests.

Post-Office Clocks.

It is good to see that the clocks are now being replaced in the post-offices in the Strand. For weeks past they have been away from their posts, and, as they are almost the only trustworthy timepieces in this important thoroughfare, their loss was much felt. But surely it is not necessary to remove all



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR AND OFFICERS AND MEN OF WEST COUNTRY REGIMENTS WHO FELL IN THE BOER WAR: ONE OF THE PANELS.

the post-office clocks in a street at one and the same time. If they were repaired each in its turn, it would be greatly for the convenience of the public.

The Mighty Fallen.

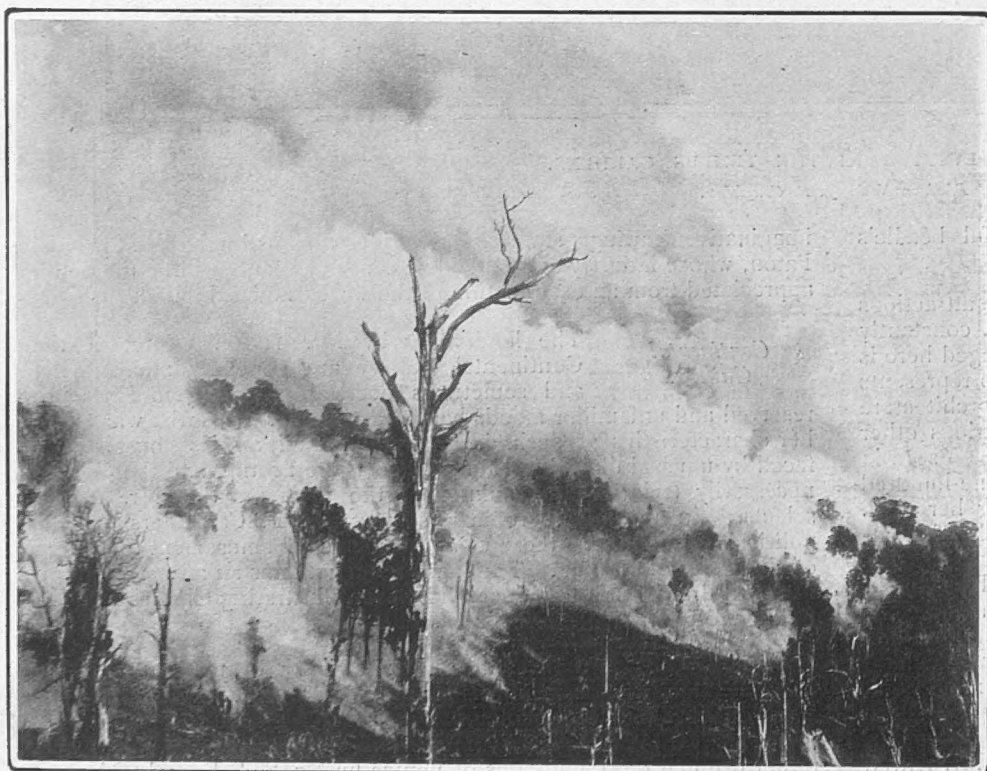
The Hampstead Vestry is said to number among its crossing-sweepers a man who used to be "M.C." at the Argyle Rooms, another who was a shopwalker in a great West-End drapery establishment, and two others who were respectively a pantomime harlequin and a circus clown. There are some queer life-stories among the crossing-sweepers, but they are probably surpassed by the tragedies to be found among the sandwich-men who walk along the gutters in the West-End.

The Prophet of Chillon.

The Prisoner of Chillon has been replaced by a prophet who is most highly thought of by the Swiss. He is a dismal person who is now prophesying a great earthquake in Central Europe for Aug. 13 next, which, he declares, will dry up the Lake of Geneva and turn the Rhone from its course. It is a foolish thing to prophesy, because, if a catastrophe does occur, the blame will be laid to the prophet's door, while, if nothing happens, he will assuredly lose his fame as a prophet.

Glorious Goodwood.

The glory of Goodwood has been somewhat dimmed this year by the absence of many familiar faces on "the prettiest lawn in England." The octogenarian Duke of Richmond is, however, well to the fore and entertaining a distinguished house-party in the stately old mansion where King Edward and Queen Alexandra have spent so many pleasant days. Mr. and Mrs. Willie James are also surrounded by distinguished friends, including the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who of late years have always spent Goodwood week at West Dean Park. Sir Edward and Lady Hamilton also have a party, but many people content themselves with going over from Brighton for the day.



A BUSH-FIRE IN NEW ZEALAND.

TWO INTERESTING SERVICE EVENTS OF LAST WEEK.



THE INDIAN OFFICERS BEING PRESENTED TO LORD KITCHENER AT HAMPTON COURT.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

On Tuesday of last week, Viscount Kitchener, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Major-General Sir Henry Trotter, and Colonel Hastings, travelled from London to Hampton Court, in one of the King's motor-cars, to inspect the Indian troops there encamped. The Eastern warriors made a splendid show, and the smart little Gurkhas especially attracted attention. The British officers were introduced to his Lordship, and the native officers were afterwards presented to their new "Chief," who touched their swords and said a few words to each as he passed. Colonel H. L. Dawson, C.B., was in command.

The annual inspection of the Naval establishments at Portsmouth last week by the Lords of the Admiralty was particularly interesting, as the old *Belleisle* was once more subjected to important gunnery trials, the Dockyard was visited, and the new Naval Barracks inspected. The most imposing spectacle of the occasion, however, was that presented by the four thousand seamen, stokers, artificers, and other members of the Fleet who paraded at the Naval Dépôt on Tuesday, the 22nd. Lord Selborne, First Lord, was accompanied by Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, Rear-Admiral W. H. May, and Rear-Admiral J. Durnford



THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY REVIEWING THE BLUEJACKETS AT PORTSMOUTH.

Photograph by Cozens, Southsea.

A Modern Grandison.

Lord Jersey, who has as one of his titles Viscount Grandison, in some ways recalls Richardson's immortal hero. He is a grandson, through his mother, of the great Sir Robert Peel, and has Royal blood in his veins, one of his ancestresses having been that Queen Dowager of France, a sister of Henry VIII., who inspired some of the finest



THE EARL OF JERSEY.

Photograph by Gillman, Oxford.

verses ever written in our language. Although the principal proprietor of Child's Bank, Lord Jersey is much more interested in high statesmanship than in finance. He is four years younger than the King, and probably has a long and brilliant career still before him.

A Great Hostess.

Lady Jersey's garden-parties at Osterley have been among the most brilliant and successful of outdoor social functions. Osterley is within a drive, some eight or nine miles, of Hyde Park Corner, but the beautiful park has about it nothing suburban, and the splendid gardens contain as many of those blossoms and flowering shrubs supposed to be unsuited to the near neighbourhood of London as they did in the days when Sir Thomas Gresham inhabited the stately Tudor mansion which was to make way for the palatial building designed and decorated by the brothers Adam. Lady Jersey is a woman of many-sided activities; she is a philanthropist, a woman of letters, and a successful hostess. She has travelled more than has done any other Peeress, and was the most popular mistress of Government House, Sydney, that that lovely city has ever known.

Bisley.

Despite all its earlier promise and the presence of so many competitors hailing from overseas, this year's meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley has not realised all that was expected of it. The shooting was good, but, nevertheless, not higher than the average. During the first week of the meeting the weather was all that could be desired. In the second, better than prevailed could have been wished for. It was not so much the weather that was to blame for the comparative flatness of the entire proceedings, but something very difficult to indicate. A shooting-man would say there was a "hang-fire" somewhere, but to account for it or even to locate it precisely defied everybody.

The meeting was marred by a series of incidents, for which the authorities alone were to blame, of a most regrettable character, and it was only the extremely handsome and sportsman-like behaviour of the Commonwealth team from Australia that saved the situation. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the Australians nobly helped the faulty Executive out of a very unpleasant mess. It arose thuswise: There was in the programme of the meeting a long range—800, 900, and 1000 yards—competition, called the Mackinnon, for teams of Volunteers from England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, or Militia and Volunteers from the Colonies and India. For some reason, the Bisley Committee of the Council thought fit to impose a time-limit for the match. At the first range it was disregarded, and at

the second an attempt was made to enforce it. Some teams then withdrew, complaining that the marking at the butts was so slow that it was impossible to comply with the conditions. The Australians went on as they had started, and, with a really fine score at the end, completed the three stages within the prescribed time.

There were objections and protests, and some wrangling to boot; but the Council decided that the Cup must go to the Australians, who had made the highest score and completed their practice within the time-limit. Here came the opportunity to do the handsome, which the Australians readily embraced. They offered to shoot the match over again; and, after conferring for two days, the captains of the other teams agreed to the proposal. The Australians have, in another team-shoot—this time at the shorter ranges, 200, 500, and 600 yards—proved their sterling merit as marksmen by winning the Rajah of Kolapore's Cup, which was also shot for by teams representing the different nationalities comprised in the Empire.

Cambridge have had their revenge over Oxford by winning the Chancellor's Prize, which is fired for with the Service rifle. Oxford seem to be more fortunate than Cambridge in turning out match-rifle shots, as the returns of the match for the Humphry Cup show. The Colonials did very well during the second week of the meeting. The Mother Country, nevertheless, found the winners of the Bronze and Silver Medals in the King's Prize Series. The veteran, Major Gibbs, the winner of the "Albert" and other events in the long-range series, proved an easy winner of Colonel Hopton's Cup for the Match-Rifle aggregate.

The late Mr. Pyke.

The death of Mr. Joseph Pyke removes from the small company of financiers who take a deep interest in theatres a most interesting figure. To first-nighters he must have been well known, a handsome old man with white beard, and eyes that belied his great age. He saw many changes in stageland and helped to bring some of them about. Associated at various times with many Managers, including the late Mr. D'Oyly Carte, I believe he owned the Tivoli for a short time, built the Grand Theatre at Fulham, and had a hand in the new theatres belonging to Sir Charles Wyndham and Beerbohm Tree. Outside stageland he ran the Grosvenor Galleries with Sir Coutts Lindsay, and, not long ago, bought the Grosvenor Club from the late Lord Wantage. To the last he maintained his keen interest in affairs, and, when the fatal illness spared him a few hours' ease, he turned at once to one or another of the many interests he held. He was the architect of his own fortunes and his industry was unending. Had he been content to become a valetudinarian, his life might have been prolonged, for he had a splendid constitution and the enthusiasms of a young man, but he preferred to die in harness. His memory was wonderful, and he had a large collection of anecdotes founded on his personal relations with some of the most interesting men and women of his long day.



THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

Photograph by Gillman, Oxford.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Painful Paris.

It would be difficult to imagine a more painful impression on English and American visitors than that caused by the expulsion of the Sisters from their schools and orphanages (writes my Paris Correspondent). It is a pitiable sight, a strange sight, an uncanny sight. The Little Sisters, who have hardly seen daylight and know nothing of crowds and demonstrations, see the doors flung open, with cavalry and police driving back the crowd. The mothers and the little pupils, now for ever removed from them, are crying "Vivent les Sœurs!" "Vive la Liberté!"; and strong men in thousands escort them as they stumble along, crying and half-hysterical. And all this in the Avenue de l'Opéra, in the second year of a new century! No parent has, henceforth, the right to give his child Christian education in France; all will be brought up, or dragged up, by the Assistance Publique. The English and Americans from the balconies of their hotels handed down bouquets, and many women were in tears. The pity of it!

Is the famous Antoine school played out? His first actor, Gémier, took the Renaissance and set out to beat Antoine at his own game. He mounted play upon play of the most advanced order throughout last season, but blank failure was marked on every one. He admits that he has had enough. And Antoine? He had not a single success last season, and, as I am told, will be a candidate for the direction of the Odéon. Ginisty retires this year, and although, when he was Joint Director, Antoine and Ginisty only quarrelled all the time, it is notorious that the famous actor-manager would like the direction of the second State Theatre in France, with free hands.

Mr. Mackay was but slightly known in Paris, and, after the fatal horseback accident to his son, he shook the dust of France off his feet for ever. Mrs. Mackay is, on the other hand, one of the most noticeable features in Society here, and enormously generous in deserving cases. She only just missed playing a trump card that would have flattened out other American millionaires who, a few years ago, were dazzling Paris by their money-mad, gorgeous fêtes. She offered to rent the Arc de Triomphe for a night carrousel, and, as she left the cheque open for the benefit of the poor, there was some hesitation, but red-tapeism prevailed.

The French Whiteley.

The decoration of Dufayel with the Cross of the Legion of Honour adds another to the list of self-made men. He had, by the way, nothing in his making that would have appealed to Dr. Smiles. About his first expenditure when he came to Paris as a boy was on a big cigar. He filled up his first day by chaffing an elderly gentleman—Crépin—the proprietor of the great emporium. It was Dufayel's lot to enter into his employment, marry his widow, and found the gigantic stores in the Boulevard Sébastopol which Americans admit "licks anything on the other side." He carried the "tally-man" system to the height of a

simple banking account, and he issues cheques representing value in kind at anything from a hundred thousand francs to twenty francs. All his employés work with the prospect of a pension, and once a-year he gives a freehold, furnished villa to one of them, and the chance is equal for a well-conducted carman or a senior shopwalker.

Life at Belle-Isle.

Sarah Bernhardt has left with her usual summer party for her fortress on Belle-Isle. It is a novelty to be a guest of the great tragédienne. No one is put to the trouble of thinking out any programme for the day. It may be that a sleepless night suggests to her that the others are similarly affected. Bang go the gongs, and the yawning guests are assembled at the breakfast-table at dawn. Sarah can run like a hare, and it delights her to select an athletic-looking friend and challenge him. That she always wins goes without saying, but in nine cases out of ten it is on her merits. A superb dinner may be waiting at the château, but, if she sees an auberge with a garden, she persists in her party taking pot-luck, and will herself aid in waiting and carving. It is curious that, to this day, the simple fisher-folk on the island have the same awe of her as "a play-actress." Her offer to give them a splendid modern yawl is refused, as the wives imagine that it would bring bad luck. She is, by the way, more delighted with her recent London visit than over any other, and I fancy that, although she is staying down at Belle-Isle till Aug. 20, she will occupy the seat the King allotted her in the Abbey, if all goes well, on the 9th.

I am informed that Réjane has decided to permanently quit the Vaudeville, and no indication is given as to her plans.

The French have been seriously considering whether, in view of the terribly congested traffic, it would not be advisable to introduce the lighter London hansom. The report is distinctly unfavourable. When something goes wrong

with a voiture, there are four wheels, and three are likely to hold out. If anything happens to the hansom, the horse is down, the driver unseated, and the falling window attends to the fare. So say our French critics.

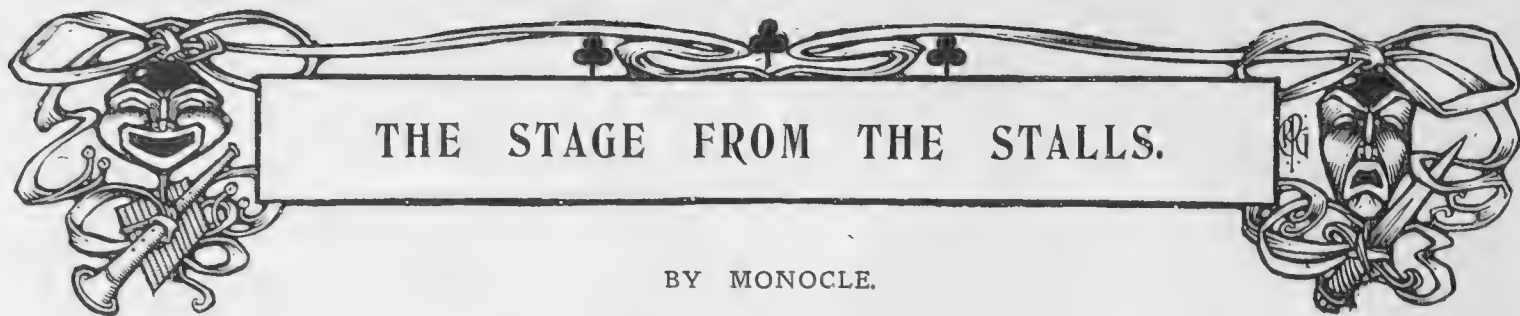
Liane de Pougy.

No member of *le monde où l'on s'amuse* has figured so prominently before Paris for the last decade as Liane de Pougy. She is of excellent family and was married to a popular naval officer. It was an unhappy affair. The husband died, and she came to Paris, where stories of her beauty had preceded her. At the Folies-Bergères she had her own *loge*, and all Lutetia crowded to the establishment simply to be able to say that they had seen "la de Pougy." Literature for a time fascinated her, and she brought out a novel which caused something of a sensation. Her appearance at Olympia or the Folies is a fashionable event. The latest *ou dit* is that Liane enormously benefits by the will of a banker who met with a violent death recently.



MIDDLE. LIANE DE POUGY, WHO LAST WEEK CONCLUDED AN ENGAGEMENT AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"LES DEUX ÉCOLES" AND ENGLISH DRAMA.

ONE man said, "I don't believe the fellow knows French at all"; and another capped it with, "And probably he gets the French plays read by a maiden aunt"; or, suggested the third, "by one of those analytical chemists whose analyses figure in the advertisements of quack medicines and the motto of whom is that 'To the pure all things are pure.'"

Of course, they were talking about the Reader of Plays and his recent indiscretions. However, the fourth had quite a different explanation. "The official," he said, "has a mania for notoriety. What more likely to create a shriek of horror than a taboo upon a noble work of art by a man who holds a superb position as a European man of letters? So 'Monna Vanna' was placed under the ban and the shriek came in a protest by our greatest living writers—and some others. Indeed, a question was asked in Parliament. You could not expect him to be satisfied with this, so, as another stroke of genius, he has sanctioned 'La Veine,' entirely immoral and occasionally indecent, and 'Les Deux Ecoles,' generally indecent and occasionally moral."

I do not suggest that these views are correct. No doubt Mr. Redford does his best, and he and we are to be pitied that his best is so ludicrously bad. To prohibit "Monna Vanna" and pass "Les Deux Ecoles" with passages which, if rendered into plain English, no compositor would set up, seems quite a triumph. Yet, whilst the prohibition counts, it is not certain that the permission is of importance. Does it really matter whether there is more or less Gallic salt in the plays of M. Capus? If his views are correct, the French man or woman can hardly be demoralised by anything, and the foreigner who understands French and the *double-ententes* of the play is a long way past praying for. You would as easily injure his morals and shock his feelings by naughty phrases or wicked plays as hurt an elephant with a pea-shooter. So we will take it that "Les Deux Ecoles" is "too awfully awful" and that it does not matter any more than my opinion. Now, it chances that it is a very funny play. There is too much of it, for you can have too much of a bad thing; but, even if you were a little bored before the end, you found every scene amusing if you understood it.

One of the most prolific of the great unacted was talking to me the other day, and complaining not so much of the fact that managers would not take his plays, as of the fact that he had come to an end of his tether. "Why was I not born," he said, indignantly, "thirty years ago? I might then have written a play composed chiefly of 'asides,' like 'Betsy,' and the critics would not have talked of *vieux jeux* and antiquated technique. Why was I not born a Frenchman?" he continued. "Then, I should not have had to reject thrilling subjects and intense situations because of their indecency. Any fool could have written a play thirty years ago in England; any fool can write one nowadays in France; but the twentieth-century dramatist is in a bad plight. He is like the angler who is at liberty to catch trout on one of the South Country streams if he can do so without employing any of the likely lures that are prohibited because they are too deadly." Certainly there is a great deal of truth in what he says, and the dramatist who seeks a West-End audience and has self-respect is forced to abandon many convenient devices deemed legitimate by his predecessors and subjects permissible in Paris.

"Les Deux Ecoles" may be called a happy title, though it is not justified by the play, for it brings vividly to one's thoughts the difference between two schools—the English and the French—and I am *bourgeois* enough and Philistine enough to feel unashamed of our own even after listening to the brilliant farce played last week at the Garrick. Compared with M. Capus, our dramatists are as those who are required to dance in fetters; yet some of them do dance, and an honest dance, too, though one sometimes hears the rattle of their chains; whilst the Frenchman dances unfettered, but it is a devil's dance—an unscrupulous, easy-going dance. Look at the play. Obviously, the author has started with the idea of presenting a woman, Issachar-like, between two husbands—one, agreeable and vicious; the other, virtuous but unattractive. "Under which King, Bezonian? Speak or die!" seemed to be the original idea of the play, and is followed for a long time, so that, despite a needless farcical element in the acting, it appears to be a comedy really dealing with the question, till the author, perhaps tired of his theme, changes his character and gains an easy laugh by making the unattractive man act viciously—for which there is not the slightest preparation—so that the two schools come to consist of the attractive libertine and the unattractive libertine,

or rather, the attractive, candid libertine, and the unattractive, hypocritical libertine. Obviously, then, if the heroine must choose, she will prefer vice attractive. But why must she choose? Apparently because, according to the author, she is incapable of remaining single; better, she thinks, a vile, contemptible fellow as husband than none. What a beautiful conclusion! Really, I think that the play is unique in its cynical pessimism. One is inclined to regret the fact that it is very clever and amusing and was brilliantly acted by some and well by all. It was noticeable that some of the players treated it as farce, notably M. Guy, who was exceedingly amusing in what one might call a refined low-comedy style, as the serious sweetheart of the heroine who cannot live without a husband, good or bad.

As I have said, the last triumph of the Parisian school by its title brings into mind the difference between the French and the English school. "The English 'school' of drama—where is it?" you may ask. "Where is the fulfilment of Mr. Archer's happy prophesies in his 'About the Theatre,' published in 1886, and of the bright hopes of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in his book, 'The Renaissance of English Drama' (1895)?" It is difficult to give an agreeable answer, impossible if one is to judge only by the past season, and we might well despair. A little improvement in technique seems almost all there is to be shown as result of the labours of many earnest would-be reformers. What, one may ask, is the object of a *répertoire* theatre or State or municipally aided theatre of any kind if the fault lies with the public—if, broadly speaking, the taste is for musical farce, for adapted farce, and for occasional abnormal productions of Shakspeare's? I do not, of course, pretend that all other works are neglected, but the fact is that, long ere the holidays, the West-End theatres merely offer to the millions of Londoners four musical plays; three farces, two of them adapted (and one of them ancient), with one of Shakspeare's worst farces brilliantly performed, and two light, slight comedies, "A Country Mouse," all bitterness, and "Mice and Men," "all sugar and spice": these are all that is to be found "under the clock" in the *Daily Telegraph*. Such are the pieces, roughly speaking, that have found favour this season with our amazing public. Yet a new theatre is being built and others are planned, the papers pay more attention to matters theatrical than ever before, and during this budding century we have heard a great deal about many schemes for giving new vigour to drama by means of money from the rates or taxes. Are we really in a state of decadence so far, as drama is concerned? We have authors and players quite good enough to render the English stage worthy of our country. A brilliant farce admirably acted, such as "Pilkerton's Peerage," had no great success, "Ulysses" could not run through the season, "Paolo and Francesca" did not last six months, "Merric England" reached hardly more than a century, whilst "A Chinese Honeymoon," "The Country Girl," and *tutti quanti* are still running gaily, and each seems likely to make more money than all the others I have named put together.

However, I seem to have wandered from my theme, the English drama, which, fortunately, even now is not quite like the snakes in Ireland. Our dramatists, though hampered by the restrictions not imposed on M. Capus, can write good plays, and do, despite their restrictions. One can imagine one of them taking such a theme as that of "Les Deux Ecoles" and fighting it out, making a loyal effort to produce something better and more artistic than a mere witty boulevard story. It has been announced that the English rights in the piece have been acquired by one of those wholesale managers whose existence is deemed by many people one of the dangers of the drama, because they acquire more power than can safely be entrusted to mere human beings and may use it selfishly. One would like to see the task of adaptation of the piece put freely into the hands of a real dramatist, and not given to some hack with instructions to keep as close to the original and as "close to the wind" as possible, and then one might have a real comedy instead of a saucy farce. Obviously the dramatist, whilst retaining the humours due to the meeting between Henriette, her *fiancé*, and her ex-husband, which seem sufficient to make any play successful, would, without posing as a moralist, give dignity and decency to the work and reject the ugly proposition that all men and women are vile and that it does not matter. Such gloomy falsehoods ought not to be preached, or even permitted. Of course, I am speaking of the adaptation of the piece, without any knowledge as to the adapter chosen or his instructions. He may be, and I hope is, one who will take his task seriously as well as wittily, and his instructions may be strictly honourable.

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BOHEMIA. UP THE RIVER.



MR. KYRLE BELLEW LISTENS—FROM A SAFE DISTANCE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

IX.—LAMINGTON HOUSE.

THERE are many beautiful and historic mansions in Clydesdale, few as charming and as picturesquely situated as is Lamington House, a delightful example of really early Victorian architecture. During fifty long years, the first Lord Lamington and his wife, the latter one of the Drummonds of Cadland, incessantly laboured to beautify their Clydesdale home, and their clever son, treading in their footsteps, and also greatly assisted by a beautiful and accomplished wife, the youngest daughter of Lord Newlands, has found time to also make many improvements, though he had succeeded to the title only four years when he was called upon to serve his country in Greater Britain as Governor of Queensland.

Lamington stands within a stone's-throw of the Clyde, and is surrounded by a singularly fine park and by lovely gardens, deservedly famed even in fruitful Clydesdale for the splendour of their trees and for the luxuriance of their blossoms. In the grounds are many vigorous mementoes of now long-departed friends, including a Norwegian pine planted by the Duke of Albany a quarter of a century

engravings of the various distinguished families with which Lord and Lady Lamington are connected; and in the library, well stored with Victorian literature—many volumes bearing inscriptions from their authors to the late Lord Lamington, who took the keenest interest in the writings of his great contemporaries—hang quaint paintings of George III. and his good Queen Charlotte, presented by the Royal sitters themselves to Sir Alexander Cochrane.

Quite a feature of Lamington is the exquisite little chapel, where now sleeps the creator of this most lovely Clydesdale stately home. It is close to the house, and contains touching and beautiful examples of the work of the late Lord Lamington's many artist friends.

Lord Lamington is just over forty. Even before he succeeded to the Peerage—that is, eight years ago—he had had a distinguished career in the House of Commons, making a speciality, which was lately to serve him in good stead, of the Colonies and of the Far East; but, before entering Parliament, he had travelled a great deal, and he was just five-and-twenty when he became one of Lord Salisbury's Assistant



LAMINGTON HOUSE: IN THE GROUNDS.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw

ago, and a huge cedar, placed where it now is by Lord Beaconsfield, a one-time constant visitor. Lamington belonged to Sir William Wallace, and there still remains a tower which once formed part of his dwelling, and where, according to local tradition, Mary Stuart rested briefly on her journey to Dundrennan, to be followed, over a century later, by her hapless descendant, Charles Edward, who there arrived in sad plight after his defeat at Derby.

The interior of the house is full of artistic and historical treasures, many of them brought together by the present owner's father, who was a noted member of the Young England Party, of which the venerable Duke of Rutland, the late Lord Lamington's uncle by marriage, is now the only survivor.

Of priceless value and of extraordinary interest is the Visitors' Book, which contains again and again repeated the signature of the great statesman-novelist who immortalised his old friend and host as "Buckhurst" in "Coningsby." Lord Lamington is naturally very proud, as was his father, of his descent from the famous Earl of Dundonald, and an interesting feature of Lamington is a series of water-colour drawings illustrating the many naval actions in which the Cochrane's have taken part.

The drawing-room, a fine apartment specially designed with a view to affording the most extensive view of the leafy glens which are a special feature of the property, contains also many portraits and

Secretaries, this apprenticeship undoubtedly serving him in good stead when he himself became a Member of Parliament.

It is an open secret that the ex-Premier always retains kindly recollections of his former secretaries; accordingly, when the Governorship of Queensland became vacant, in 1895, the young Peer, though only thirty-six years of age, was offered the important post.

Lord Lamington accepted with enthusiasm, and his Governorship proved from the first exceptionally successful, perhaps owing to the fact that the new Governor of Queensland and his bride—they went out there shortly after their marriage—were young enough to be thoroughly interested in the country, and managed, in spite of official duties at Brisbane, to travel all over the Colony, roughing it with gay good-humour, and learning something of what the makers of the Empire have really to endure in the way of privations.

Lady Lamington, who from girlhood has been intensely interested in nursing, started an admirable Women's Hospital, a much-needed institution, and she also concerned herself actively with the administration of all Brisbane charitable works.

Devoted as she is to her Scottish home, where she and Lord Lamington elected to spend their honeymoon in old-world fashion, she will always retain very tender memories of Australia. There her two little children were born, and there she won an enduring place in the affections of the warm-hearted Queenslanders.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES

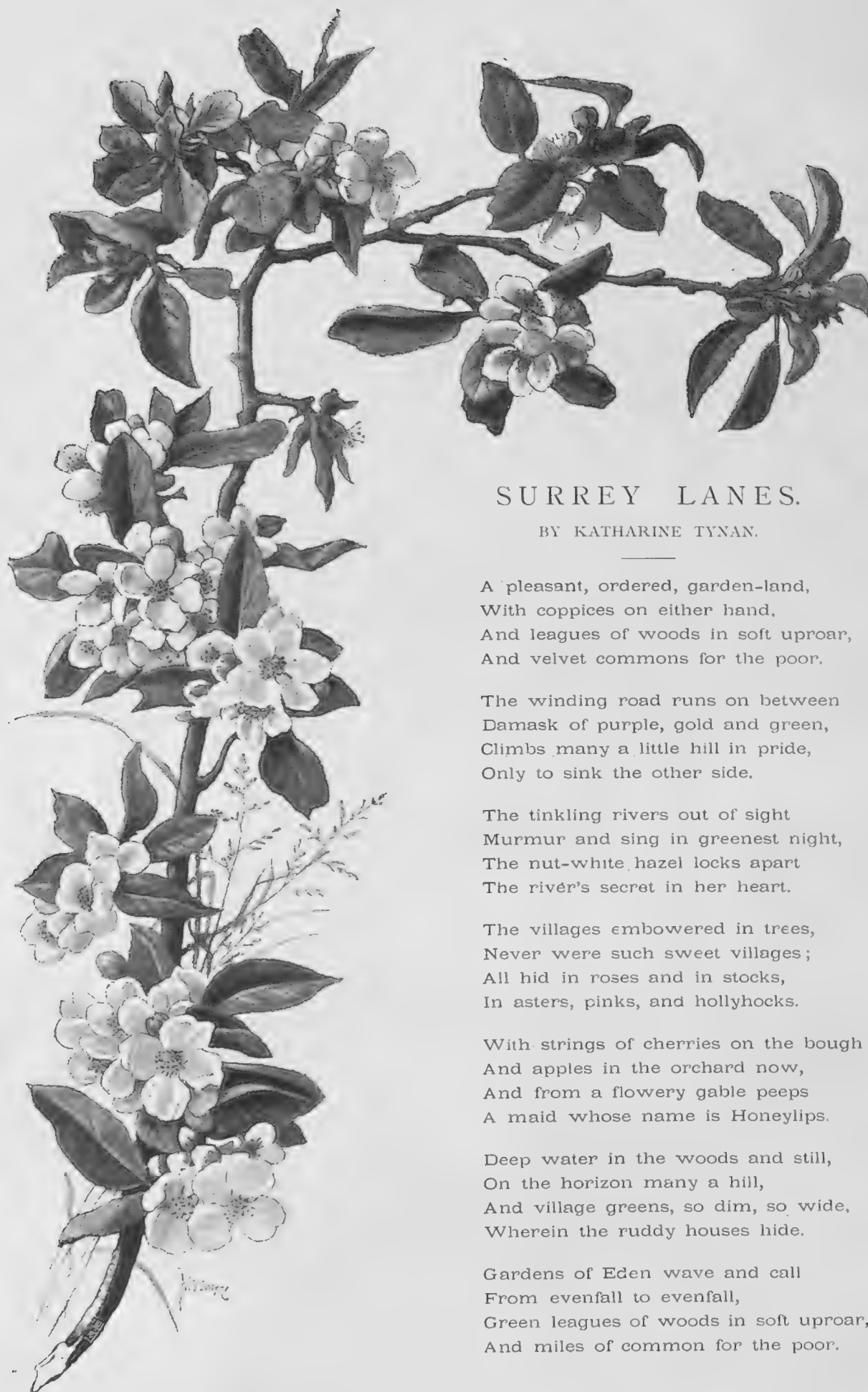


LAMINGTON HOUSE, THE LANARKSHIRE SEAT OF LORD LAMINGTON.



LAMINGTON VILLAGE: A PRETTY STRETCH OF ROAD.

Photographs by Reid, Wishaw.



SURREY LANES.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

A pleasant, ordered, garden-land,
 With coppices on either hand,
 And leagues of woods in soft uproar,
 And velvet commons for the poor.

The winding road runs on between
 Damask of purple, gold and green,
 Climbs many a little hill in pride,
 Only to sink the other side.

The tinkling rivers out of sight
 Murmur and sing in greenest night,
 The nut-white hazel locks apart
 The river's secret in her heart.

The villages embowered in trees,
 Never were such sweet villages;
 All hid in roses and in stocks,
 In asters, pinks, and hollyhocks.

With strings of cherries on the bough
 And apples in the orchard now,
 And from a flowery gable peeps
 A maid whose name is Honeylips.

Deep water in the woods and still,
 On the horizon many a hill,
 And village greens, so dim, so wide,
 Wherein the ruddy houses hide.

Gardens of Eden wave and call
 From evenfall to evenfall,
 Green leagues of woods in soft uproar,
 And miles of common for the poor.



MADAME MELBA.

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

"AU REVOIR!"

THE END OF THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON.



MADAME SUZANNE ADAMS

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

"AU-REVOIR!"

THE END OF THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON.



MADAME KIRKBY LUNN.

Portrait Study by James H. L. Hyatt, 70, Mortimer Street, W.



"AU REVOIR!"
THE END OF THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON.



MADAME CALVÉ.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF LONDON.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE



A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

THE DANCER'S SHOE.

By CLO. GRAVES.

Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.



EN years ago, Drury Lane was even dirtier than it is now, and appealed with even unpleasant insistence to the olfactory senses. But the smells and the squalor, the crowding of the narrow footpaths with dilapidated figures that Cruikshank loved to draw, the block of coal-carts, barrows, and barrel-organs in the thoroughfare, were delightful, in the opinion of two handsome, well-bred-looking boys of fourteen and sixteen respectively who strolled along arm-in-arm, shouldering and being shouldered, chaffing and being chaffed. Both bore the stamp of a Public School in dress and manner. Both had come up for the day on "dentist's leave," and both had made up their minds to dodge the man of teeth, have a rattling spree, and take the switching that must indubitably follow with resignation. In pursuance of the programme, they were on their way to an afternoon performance of the Drury Lane pantomime. They had lunched largely upon pastry and sweets at an Oxford Street confectioner's, and felt at peace with all mankind.

"Awfully good those puff things with cream in 'em," said Maynwaring Major to Maynwaring Minor.

"And the dough-nuts," agreed his cousin. "But that apple-cake stuff was ripping. I had three slabs."

"Your tooth will give you beans to-night," said the taller boy. "Mine's beginning now."

"I've known a switching cure a fellow's neuralgia," observed Maynwaring Minor. "Wonder if the same treatment is good for toothache?"

"We shall find out to-morrow," said Maynwaring Major, "when we're sent up to the Head with Crowder's compliments. You know that he has said he'll make examples of the next fellows who dodge the dentist."

He cheerfully nudged his cousin in the ribs as he spoke, with such force and effect as to send him staggering off the kerb and upset the charcoal-brazier and tray of an itinerant chestnut-vendor. Then he elaborately apologised to the indignant old woman.

"You must overlook it," he said, as she dived after her scattered stock-in-trade. "In fact, my friend is often taken in this way. He suffers chronically from staggers, and sometimes is a good deal worse than this, but we hope that he will outgrow the——"

"Oh, shut up! You're always trying to be funny," growled Maynwaring Minor. He had helped the old woman to pick up her tray and brazier, and thrust sixpence into her hand, and now he hurried away, anxious to escape the bombardment of Irish blessings that ensued. "And that sort of practical joke—played on a poor old bundle of rags—makes the fellow who does it look a beastly cad!"

"So I'm a beastly cad, am I?" asked Maynwaring Major, flushing a dull red.

"You are—when you do that kind of thing," replied Maynwaring Minor, with conviction.

"All right! I'll lick you for that!" remarked Maynwaring Major, placidly.

"If I don't lick you!" retorted Maynwaring Minor.

They were chums and had shared the same study and sleeping-room since Maynwaring Minor came to School; but this association did not preclude differences of opinion, settled as such differences usually are. They fought, and fought bitterly, about six times a-year. It was whispered by scandal-mongers—there are gossiping cliques in schools as well as in Clubs—that the elder owed the younger a grudge about the Baronetcy.

"But that's all my eye and tommy-rot!" said Maynwaring Minor, when the thing came round to him. "He's the elder son of the younger branch of our family—the set that went into the shipping line and made a pile—and I'm the elder son of the elder branch, don't you see? Of course, the title goes to my son." And Sir Philip went off to play racquets.

Now the cousins were having their second quarrel since the autumn holidays, and it would be settled in the usual way—by the Baronet's getting fearfully pounded.

"You *will* have it, you know," said Maynwaring Major; "and, of course, I'm not going to let you off easily. You're blown out with all sorts of notions about honour and chivalry and loyalty, and all that kind of thing that doesn't pay. If it does, why is your side of the house so beastly poor to day? Didn't a Sir Philip Maynwaring hand over all the cash and jewels

and plate belonging to himself and his heir to that sneak Charles Stuart, without even taking an 'I. O. U.'—?"

"While your side sucked up to Cromwell, like the cads they were!"

"They had their heads screwed on the proper way," said Maynwaring Major, coolly, "and they went with the tide. And if Cromwell did cut off the Pretender's head on Tower Hill"—Maynwaring Major was not strong in English history, nor, indeed, had either of the youths ever permitted his love of study to interfere with the more serious business of amusement—"he jolly well deserved it! Didn't he fiddle while London was burning——?"

"Bosh! That was Nero, you——!"

"Look at that little kid going on in front of us," interrupted Maynwaring Major; and Maynwaring Minor looked, and saw a small, shabbily dressed female child progressing along the greasy pavement with a dancing step. An organ played to the tune of a hornpipe; her small feet, covered with darned stockings, shod with trodden-down slippers of adult size, kept time as she went, and her evident unconsciousness of observation and absorption in her steps brought a grin to the squalid face of many a lounge.

"I wouldn't mind being able to do a cellar-flap like that!" said Maynwaring Minor.

As he spoke, the small girl slipped upon a piece of orange-peel and recovered herself adroitly, with the loss of one of the old slippers, which, after describing an airy parabola, came to the pavement at the feet of the Maynwaring.

"Oh come, here's a lark!" said the bigger boy. He swiped at the deplorable old shoe with his stick, and then, impaling it on the ferrule, dangled it contemptuously aloft, as courting popular derision.

The small girl, standing on one leg, looked back, screwed a dingy little fist into her eye, and snivelled softly.

"Drop that, you cad!" shouted Maynwaring Minor, and hit the muscle of the uplifted arm smartly with his clenched fist. The stick descended, the shoe flopped to the pavement; the champion picked it up and carried it to its owner. He got a timid murmur of thanks and a swimming look of passionate gratitude from a pair of the darkest blue eyes he had ever seen. Then he rejoined Maynwaring Major, who was still rubbing his numbed biceps.

"How I will lick you to-morrow, you young beast!" he murmured, anticipatively.

"All right," said Maynwaring Minor. "But it's unlucky to brag, and it's just on the cards that I may lick you. Here we are at the theatre! The front entrance—where you pay—is round this way." And in a few minutes the boys had exchanged the life of everyday for an enchanted land of fun and frolic, quaint music and queer gambols; nor did they leave until the green curtain had descended on the final rally of Clown, Policeman, and Harlequin, and risen again upon dark emptiness, and a Commissionaire came hurrying along to close up the hinged stall-seats and gather up the fallen programmes, and said, "Now then, young gentlemen, clear out!" When they cleared.

"That was a pretty little girl that danced at the end of the second row, in the Children's Flower Ballet," said Maynwaring Minor, as their train steamed out of Euston Station.

"Jolly little thing! A bit like your sister Clare," agreed Maynwaring Major. "Shouldn't wonder if she was a lady," he added. "Poor, you know, and obliged to dance for her living."

"You didn't *treat* her like a lady when she dropped her shoe!" observed Maynwaring Minor.

"Was that the —? Phew! Paint does make a lot of difference," said Maynwaring Major, with a whistle. Then he added, "Don't forget I lick you to-morrow, after we've been up before the Head."

"I don't forget we fight; but you've bragged of beating me three times, and it's unlucky, you know," said Maynwaring Minor. Then he asked, "Shall you wear a towel to-morrow or the cover of an exercise-book?"

"Towel doesn't take off the sting so well, but cardboard rattles," was the cryptic utterance that came back.

And ten years went over, and the Maynwaring cousins met to dine pleasantly together at Sir Philip's Regimental Club. After dinner, they meant to see a new dancer at the Terpsichore Theatre. The Guardsman of twenty-four and the Junior Partner in the great shipbuilding firm of Maynwaring and Son were still friends and cronies. Something of the old physical likeness between them remained, though the elder man was more heavily built and attired less plainly than the younger. His hair was too thick, his blue eye too hard and cold, and his square jaw too heavy, when you saw the rich Maynwaring side by side with the poor one.

"For eleven hundred a-year to supplement a lieutenant's pay does mean poverty to Society mothers with marriageable daughters," Sir Philip had said at dinner that evening; "while you, my dear fellow, can take the top off the market."

Maynwaring the elder looked at his cousin reflectively as he poured out a glass of Chartreuse.

"I don't think I am going to take my wife from the ranks of Society," he said, slowly. "I have made up my mind to look elsewhere."

And Sir Philip said, "Upon my life, my dear fellow, there's something in blood-relationship! I had arrived at the same determination myself."

And the two men had looked at each other as they drank their liqueur, as though each estimated the other's strength. It was the look they had exchanged in the old boyish days, and some remembrance awaked in the mind of the elder cousin, for he said, with an uneasy laugh—

"The last time we fought at School, you licked. Do you remember?"

"That was because you were so sure *you* would," said his cousin.

"It was a lesson," said the elder man. "I have never bragged since then. When I am most sure of a thing, I keep it most quiet. It's a capital plan to pay."

Then they got up to go, for it was late, and a man at an adjoining table said to a man with a shiny bald head—

"There go two men who are in love with the same woman."

"Have they got it badly?" asked the man with the shiny head.

"Very," said the first man.

"And who is she?" asked the second.

"The Fariel," the first man had answered. "The dancer who made such a 'hit' in 'Poudre d'Amour,' the new ballet at the Terpsichore."

And the bald-headed man dropped his eye-glass with a click and a grunt.

"I know of a score of fools who are running after that girl. The richest man will pull off the race. It's the way of the world—and women! I suppose those men are going to see her dance to-night. I heard one of 'em say, 'She comes on at nine.'"

The bald-headed man was right. The Maynwaring were sitting together in the stalls at the Terpsichore, waiting for the dancer to appear. She made her entrance from a classical temple wreathed

with roses, and, as the crowded house burst into applause, she dropped a little, careless curtsey. She was a lithe creature, with wonderful dark-blue eyes and trailing wealth of silken black tresses—a woman whose movement was grace, whose very instinct was Art, the sorceress of the "Poudre d'Amour." After the curtain had fallen, both the Maynwaring went round behind the scenes. There was a gala supper upon the stage that night, to which they had both been bidden, and they supped in highly exalted company.

"Who is that man at whom you look so often?" asked the guest of the evening, the son and heir of an Imperial House allied by blood to the Throne of England, of the beautiful dancer by whose side he sat. "What is his name?"

"Sir Philip Maynwaring. And," said the dancer to the Prince, "I look at him because he reminds me of a boy I saw once—years ago. A common little street-girl was dancing to the music of an organ and lost her shoe. And he—this

boy, you know—picked it up and gave it to her, when other boys made fun of her, the shabby little thing!"

"Ah! And your friend is like that boy?" The Prince stroked his fair moustache with a delicate, jewelled hand. "You are romantic—is it not so? But I wish I could bring into your eyes that look that I saw in them just now!"

"I haven't any heart," said the Fariel, quite gravely. "I have danced it all away; there is no more left. And now I am going to marry a rich man. He is a cousin of the man who is so like that boy I know, and when I am married I shall dance no more."

"He will do the dancing," thought the Prince. But he said aloud, "Mademoiselle, I congratulate you and the fortunate gentleman. You will permit me to see you to your carriage when you take your leave?" And he smiled, as, at a movement of the



"Do you know, Phil, when you picked up that shoe, you picked up my heart with it."

"THE DANCER'S SHOE."

Fariel's finger, the elder Maynwaring moved to her side like an obedient dog.

"I want you to tell them to bring my carriage round to the Royal Entrance," she said; "His Imperial Highness is kind enough to wish to take me down."

And she drove away alone in her luxurious brougham, with tears upon her cheeks. For the Prince had broken the news of her engagement to Sir Philip when, in his presence, he congratulated the wealthy shipbuilder, and the white change upon his face had gone to her heart. When she reached her boudoir—a very nest of luxury—she threw herself down upon a couch and cried her heart out. And then she started up, as her maid entered the room, carrying a card.

"Sir Philip Maynwaring, Miss. And he begged so hard just for a word."

"He shall have it," said the dancer.

She was very pale, and her great coils of silky black hair were in disorder; but when she went down to her pretty drawing-room there was a flush upon her cheek, and Sir Philip thought that he had never seen her look so beautiful.

"Forgive me," he said; "but I had to come. I felt that I must hear it from your own lips. Is it true you are going to marry my cousin?"

"It is true," she answered.

"Thank you. Do you know," he said, drawing a hard breath, "that I almost believed you would have married me? I have asked you so often, and every time you have said 'No' you have looked at me more tenderly. I always believed you would say 'Yes' at last. Why didn't you? Is it because I am too poor?"

She did look at him tenderly now. He was not deceived. She gave him both hands, and her voice was infinitely soft as she said,

"No. Because *I* am. Not in money: I have made plenty"—and she threw a careless glance about her—"but in the things that your wife should have. The want of them won't make *him* unhappy; he will never miss them. But you——"

"Ah!" he cried, "you don't believe in my love! Why, I could defy the whole world for you, forfeit every friendship to gain your love!"

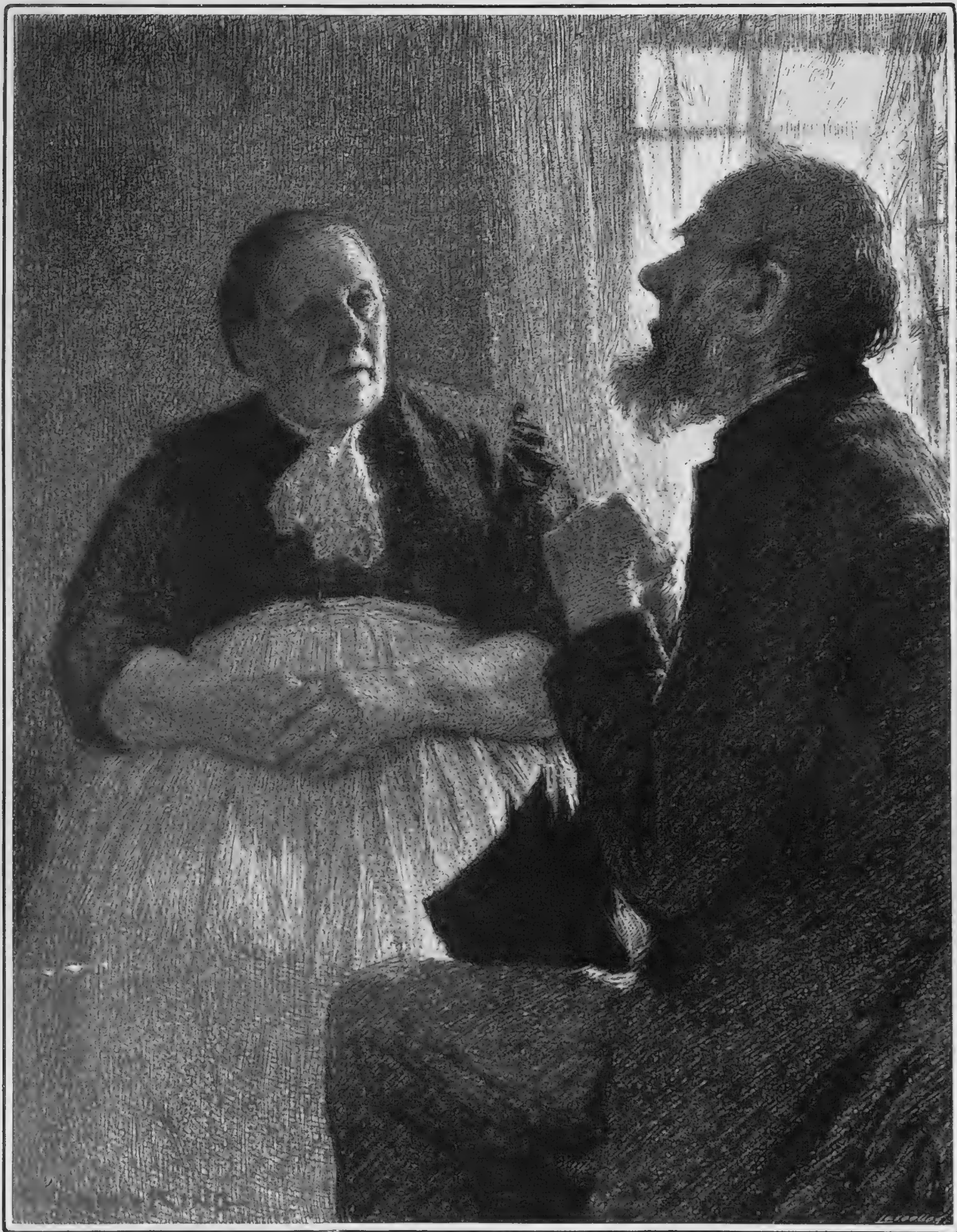
"One man against the world," she said, with a strained little laugh. "It would be an unequal struggle. And even a wife can't make up to a man for the loss of his friends' respect. I have kept my honour clean—I see that you believe me—there's no man on earth has the right to deny that; but I'm a low-born woman, dear, uneducated, and no wife for you. Go away—go away and forget me; and some day, when you marry a lady—well, nobody will wish you more happiness than me. You'll soon forget me, and the sooner, perhaps, if you know my real name. It's Smith, Phil, dear—Maggie Smith—and father's a bricklayer; and once, when I was a little girl who danced in the children's ballet at Drury Lane, and he'd taken away my new shoes and pawned them—so that I had to go to work in an old pair of mother's, bless her!—I saw you, and you saw me." Her eyes were full of tears, but she laughed as she ended: "Do you know, Phil, when you picked up that shoe, you picked up my heart with it. And that, dear, is why I'm sending you away. You're very miserable now, but you'll get over it—in a year or two."

Sir Philip did get over it in a year or two. Last Season, one saw his marriage announced. The bride was an X—shire heiress, very young, very high-bred, very pretty. On the eve of her wedding, some eccentric but generous person sent her a strange present—an old and trodden-down shoe containing a superb pearl necklace. Nobody save the bridegroom ever guessed from whom it came.



THE ABSENT-MINDED PARENTS.

Drawn by Hilda Cowham.



"WELL, TO BE SURE!"

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.



XI.—THE CONSTITUTIONAL.

IT is vulgarly asserted, more especially in those columns of the inexpensive Press devoted purely to personalities, that His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII., his Royal Consort, and his son have the almost unique faculty of never forgetting faces once they have set their august eyes upon them. Whether this Royal faculty of observation be fact or not, I, who have never made my bow in Royal Courts, cannot say, but, at any rate, it is not the sole prerogative of our Sovereign and his kin. There is yet another august personage, who also reigns over no few subjects, who can lay claim to it.

I allude, with deference, to the hall-porter of the Constitutional Club.

Consider this gentleman for a moment. He presides over the entrance-hall of a Club to which six thousand members of the British Constitution have a right of access. And, so that not one unworthy guest shall penetrate into the sacred precincts, he has to keep these six thousand faces in his head all the while. He must know each face by sight, and, if possible, put a name to it. He must be ready to hand the owner of each face his daily correspondence, answer his inquiries, receive his guests. No Sovereign in Europe was ever set such a task of observation, I feel sure.

I am assured by some of the members of the Constitutional Club that he has never made a mistake: that never has a non-member gained access to the Constitutional Club save as a guest. But, much as I admire and respect the hall-porter of the Constitutional, I must fain assert that, unlike Leo XIII., he is not infallible. For many years, a man, whose friendship I regretfully admit I enjoyed, washed his hands regularly every morning at the Constitutional, and he had never even sought membership. He had an office near by the Club, and, being of Liberal principles he showed his contempt for the Tory Party in this manner. He literally washed his hands of them. And, for all I know, for I have lost sight of him, he may wash his hands of the Constitutional Club to this very day.

Being a sociable person and a lover of small circles, I am not an amateur of the Constitutional. Its unspeakable marble solitudes do not appeal to me, nor am I at home even in the sweet security of its arm-chairs. I confess that it overwhelms me with a sense of my own minuteness. When I puff my after-dinner cigar in the Constitutional smoking-room, I feel as if I were regarding myself from a balloon. And I dislike this feeling of smallness. I hate the thought of being one of six thousand. I loathe to have my name echoed from floor to floor, from chamber to chamber, by sleepy, monotonous, Eton-collared page-boys. I may have been surnamed Smith, but I do not want

six thousand people to know it in one day. There are so many Smiths; and I have more than one creditor. And trade and the Constitutional, as is most befitting, march hand-in-hand.

I love my tailor dearly. He is a generous, noble, open-handed soul—a Cobdenite of the first water, so far as I am concerned. But I confess that I seldom pass his place of business without a blush. And when I find him cheek by jowl with me, consuming a chop and a pint of draught-beer, while I am toying with a devilled sole and Messrs. Moët and Chandon are sparkling in my glass, I admit that my conscience pricks me—nay, pierces me through and through. The sole becomes at once too hot, the wine corked, and my appetite disappears. With a hurried bow, I rush from the room, and it is only when a cab has taken me beyond the four-mile radius that I breathe again.

I believe that the qualification necessary for membership of the Constitutional Club is the embracing of all the political principles until lately enunciated by the Most Noble the Marquis of Salisbury. At any rate, I have read pink sheets which have euphoniously described it as a hot-bed of Toryism, and I know from the public prints that the leaders of the Conservative Party dine there now and then and deliver themselves of important Party harangues. Beyond these facts and a picture or two, to say nothing of half-a-dozen busts, I have never been able to find anything peculiarly political about the Constitutional.

Politics by no means form the greater part of the conversation heard within its walls, though at such periods of storm and stress as a General Election it is publicly reported to exhibit a feeling. "Feeling in the Clubs." What a world of mysterious emotion this head-line invariably invokes! Imagine at, say, 9 p.m. a couple of thousand pillars of the great British Constitution seated together chock-full of political feeling. Even a Zola might well hesitate before attempting to describe a scene such as this. And, under these circumstances, who should rise up and say that Political Clubs have not their uses? Why, this "feeling" alone is worth all the thousands lavished upon them.

Politicians, by the way, seem to have a particular love for lavish decorations. Marble and gold, alabaster and mosaics, pictures and sculpture—all are to be found in these Conservative and Liberal homes. There is nothing dry-as-dust about your political Clubman. He has no intention of taking his principles sadly. He has an eye to please and a palate to tickle, and he knows it. And, so long as he expresses feeling at the right moment, his conscience pricks him not at all.

I was once lost in the Constitutional for a good ten minutes. I had been sitting with a friend in one of its many gilded chambers, when an appointment compelled me to leave him. On his rising to accompany me, I assured him that I could find the way out alone with perfect ease. But I had reckoned without my host with a vengeance. I had purposely kept a plan of the Club in my head, but the plan got mixed up somehow. I ran down one staircase, turned sharp to the left, in the expectation of discovering another, when I found myself in a *cul-de-sac*, face to face with a counterfeit representation of the late Earl of Beaconsfield. I turned back,

retraced my steps, and this time turned sharp to the right, only to find myself once again *vis-à-vis* with the late Tory leader. And I verily believe, had it not been for a melancholy youth with a pale political face who was chanting "Jones" in pure Gregorian, my skeleton would have eventually been discovered prostrate at the feet of the ever-lamented "Dizzy." But the page-boy, with a lack-lustre legislative smile, took me in charge and guided me into the street.

Since when I have always objected to dreaming that I dwelt in marble halls.



"A CONSTITUTIONALIST."

Drawn by Lewis Baumer.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE very next theatrical event in this just now somewhat uneventful season will be Mr. Bouchier's production at the Garrick to-night (Wednesday)—for a run, this time—of "The Bishop's Move," written by "John Oliver Hobbes" and Mr. Murray Carson. In this quaint and artistic three-Act "chess" comedy, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. H. B. Warner, and Miss Jessie Bateman will resume their original characters, as represented by them on the play's one night's trial at the Garrick just before the French Play season started there.

Mr. Frohman has just verified *The Sketch's* recent prediction that Mr. Pinero's long-awaited new comedy, written for Mr. Charles Frohman to produce at the Duke of York's, would not be the next production at that now closed theatre, but that a certain adaptation from the French would take its place. The French play in question (and once of a questionable type) is "La Passerelle," written by Madame Fred Gresac and M. François de Croisset. This piece, in which Madame Réjane scored a while ago in Paris, has been adapted by a certain lately much-improved comedian and recently diligent adapter who was wont to abbreviate his somewhat extensive list of names to "Cosmo Stuart." He now has elected to use "Cosmo Gordon Lennox" out of his full style and title of "Charles Edward Stuart Cosmo Gordon-Lennox."

Mr. C. E. S. C. G. Lennox is a descendant of Louise de Querouailles (who was not altogether unknown in the days of the "Merry Monarch") and is the husband of that popular actress, Miss Marie Tempest.

By the way, Miss Tempest will, I am given to understand, anon return to America to "star" under the direction of that ubiquitous theatrical manager, Mr. Charles Frohman.

It is the fashionable fad just now in certain journalistic and theatrical circles to complain of what is called "The American Invasion." And yet, in addition to the number of British-born stage-players (such as Marie Tempest, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Charles Hawtrey, all summoned to return thither), there are already large numbers of English artistes playing in most States of the Union.

Undoubtedly one of the most successful of British artistes now achieving success in the States is Miss Lettice Fairfax, a very charming young English actress, whose charm was first specially

manifested in Mr. H. V. Esmond's charming play, "One Summer's Day," at the Comedy. Soon after that, Miss Fairfax was selected by Mr. Tree to impersonate the character of Blanche of Spain in "King John," and a truly beautiful Blanche she was. After a series of other successful impersonations in this, her native land, Miss Fairfax



MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX AS LADY MARY CARLISLE IN
"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE."

Photograph by Fredricks, New York.

was snapped up for the American stage, whereon she speedily became a strong favourite. The portrait of this attractive actress depicts her in the character of Lady Mary Carlisle in Mr. Richard Mansfield's recent success, "Monsieur Beaucaire," a powerful costume-drama which Mr. Lewis Waller has secured for the English market and hopes to produce ere long.

Mr. Waller will haply try this play at the Imperial, should the Royal Aquarium's new Wesleyan buyers permit that theatrical part of their newly acquired property to stand where it does. If not, Mr. Waller will take "Monsieur Beaucaire" elsewhere.

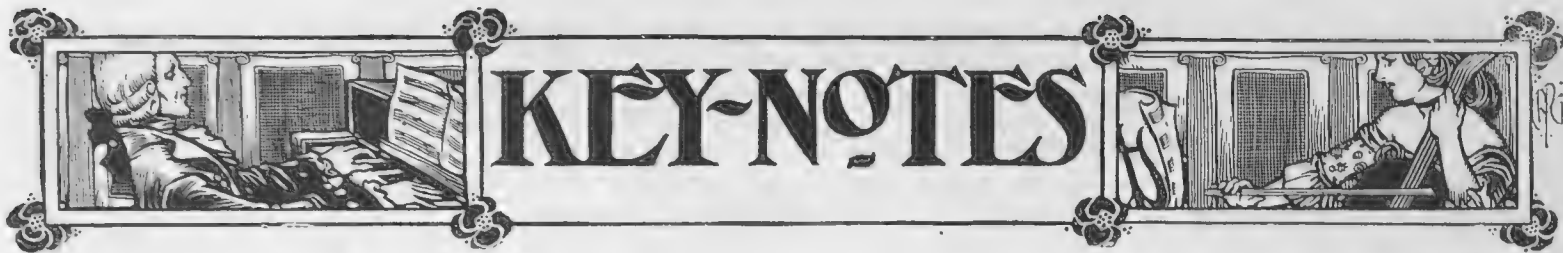
All *Sketch* readers who desire to indulge in a rapid succession of the heartiest of hearty laughs are hereby advised to speedily make for Mr. Robert Arthur's beautiful new Kennington Theatre, which adjoins the local Park. Here they will find Mr. Dan Leno (*alias* the King's Jester) indulging in the most extraordinary frivollings as an Australian amateur warrior in Mr. H. Darnley's new musical mixture entitled "Mr. Wix of Wickham."

Those playgoers who delight in plays that make their knotted and combined locks to part and each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, may be warned to look for a thriller of the most thrilling description. This is a drama, at present entitled "The Mystery of the Sea," written by Sir Henry Irving's business-manager and literary adviser, Mr. Bram Stoker. Mr. Stoker is already known to the literary world and to readers who love to have their flesh made to creep as the author of that woefully weird, not to say marrow-freezing, vampire romance called "Dracula." But I can assure them that, in "The Mystery of the Sea," Mr. Stoker has, in nerve-disturbing, not only gone "one better," but many better—or worse, according to your point of view. The drama hereinbefore indicated has been based by Mr. Stoker upon his new and passing strange second-sight story, "The Mystery of the Sea."



MISS LILY COLLIER AS THE SPIRIT OF FAME IN "OUR CROWN,"
AT THE EMPIRE.

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



THE Opera Season is over, and, not as the words of the simple old hymn, the "stars" no longer "begin to peep"—or, should one rather irreverently say, begin to "cheep"? Seasons come and go, and, though "Common Chord" has seen a good many of them by now, the present must be reckoned as one that has been in many ways among the most successful. Genuine efforts have undoubtedly been made on the part of the Syndicate to bring the house more or less in line with the better-known opera-houses on the Continent. It must be remembered, of course, that, mechanically, that which would at Munich or Vienna be regarded as a fair all-round performance from the scenic point of view, implies far greater effort, and therefore far greater devotion to the matter in hand, on the part of the Covent Garden Management than at these houses.

There is no doubt about it that the mechanical difficulties at Covent Garden are comparatively enormous; nor can one really see how, under given circumstances, the Syndicate could have done much better than it has done. Certain performances, for example, have been really very beautiful (still from the stage-craft standpoint), while others have seemed at times to be almost unwarrantably careless. To sum up, however, is to speak very favourably of the whole situation, and one is not in the least inclined to carp or criticise unduly, when he that runs may see the drawbacks for himself.

There is a recent example, for instance, to show how well things can be done with zeal and care, even with the most complex scenic operas, at Covent Garden. The reference is to the performance of "Don Giovanni," which is, undoubtedly, an extremely difficult opera to mount adequately, and which it is even more difficult to mount with any feeling of true realism and of plausibility. Yet the "Don," as one saw him a few nights ago, passed through his course lightly, quickly, and without undue halting, in excellent surroundings. Renaud's Don was a splendid piece of work; he played the villainous gentleman with perfect ease and grace, and he sang most admirably. Miss Scheff was a gay and sparkling Zerlina, and Pini Corsi's Leporello was a miniature masterpiece in humour. Caruso's Don Ottavio was magnificently sung, and Madame Litvinne and Madame Suzanne Adams, in the somewhat thankless parts of Donna Anna and Donna Elvira, sang extremely well. There is, finally, mention only to make of M. Gilibert's Masetto, which for humour and for a luscious sort of vocalisation was most engaging and amusing. Mancinelli, of course, conducted admirably.

If one may take the personnel of the season, the two chief among the sopranos to mention are Melba and Calvé. Melba, indeed, has not brought anything very new for public appreciation, but her voice is as golden as ever it was, and its distinguished purity is again no less than ever marked by admirable strength and power. Her two best performances have undoubtedly been those of Juliet and of Mimi in "La Bohème." Her Juliet is at once tender and true, and, though it is not the fashion to say so, her acting of this part is altogether excellent. Her Mimi surpasses her Juliet, again from the acting point of view, and her singing, too, is wonderfully fine. She has also appeared as Marguerite in "Faust," and she has also given us a really brilliant interpretation of the heroine in the tuneful "Rigoletto."

To come now to Calvé more particularly. As an operatic actress, she practically remains, one supposes, unapproachable. She has reduced, almost to terms of perfection, the artistic "sum in proportion" which involves a final unity in operatic presentments. It is true that, purely from a vocal standpoint, she has moments when her sense of ear does not seem to be absolutely perfect; but she, if anybody, can even charm one away from such a fault into sheer admiration of her histrionic performance. The last act of her Carmen, for example, is one of the most terrifying death-scenes now to be seen on the stage, and this year she was in it quite up to the highest level. Her Santuzza, too, remains as wonderful as it has ever been.

Madame Suzanne Adams has been another singer who has done most valuable work, and Madame Kirkby Lunn has been eminently useful in parts which all too often are given to artists who possess far less interesting qualities than she commands. It would be otiose to go through a list of mere names in further connection with the season, but Herr Pennarini, a tenor new this season to Covent Garden, has made a favourable impression, while among those who may be regarded as old stagers we have had M. Van Dyck, who brought us once more his inimitable Tristan, and M. Saléza, whose one disqualification seems to be that he cannot sing the part of Faust without such occasional lapses from the pitch as can only be described as hysterical. Caruso, meanwhile, has been a very brilliant success. Madame Nordica, Mdle. Fremstad, Miss Mary Garden, Mdle. Pacini, Mdle. Maubourg, Mr. Van Rooy, and Mr. David Bispham must also be mentioned as having done excellent service, with many another, in the course of the season.



HERR PENNARINI.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Lohse, Mr. Bispham, and Herr Pennarini took the principal parts excellently well, and both the staging and the choral singing were extremely attractive. And so farewell to Grand Opera at Covent Garden under the Syndicate's direction for another ten months or thereabouts.

COMMON CHORD.

There is something rather quaint in the thought of asking a few friends over to India for a week's visit, but this is what many hospitable Anglo-Indians, headed by the Viceroy and Lady Curzon of Kedleston, intend to do in honour of the great Durbar, which is to be the most splendid function of the kind ever seen in Furthest Ind. Several of the Indian Princes who are now enjoying our hospitality have also asked English friends over for the occasion, notably the Sultan of Jeypore, who will act as host to several fair leaders of London Society. The Coronation Durbar will be attended not only by all the great Indian Potentates, but also by the Princesses of the more enlightened Royal Houses of India.



Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour as Motorists—Law-Breakers and Law-Menders—A "Registration Bill"—Abolition of the Speed-Limit—A Rational Maximum.

THAT the new Premier is a motorist is a fact dear to the hearts of automobilists in general, and to that large section of them in particular who have suffered from the harsh operation of the present laws as to speed. It is true that Lord Salisbury, before his resignation, had taken the first necessary step towards becoming an automobilist and ordered a car, and he may soon be expected to be a driver of his own vehicle, and not merely a passenger on his son's steamer. The ex-Premier is enough of a mechanic, enough of an expert, to be keen on handling the equivalent of the reins of a horseless carriage himself, and his cycling knowledge will serve him well.

But the new Premier has long ago emerged from his novitiate as stoker and steersman of a light locomotive, to give the motor-car its ponderous legal appellation. He has tested the relatively mild delights of a $4\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power De Dion, he has enjoyed the fascination of a 7 horse-power Panhard, and now he revels in the rapid running of his new 9 horse-power Napier; and, though these medium-powered cars have hitherto satisfied him as owner, he has not disdained to fly, with Mr. John Scott-Montagu, at a speed appropriate to the 22 horse-power Daimler; and, on Mr. A. C. Harmsworth's 40 horse-power Mercédès, has climbed steep hills at the double—or, one might almost say, the treble—of the nominal maximum speed which the Local Government Board prescribes for every automobilist, regardless of circumstances.

Mr. Balfour, being among the law-breakers, is likely enough to assist the law-menders when they seek to make the law less silly. To forbid all excess of twelve miles an hour at all times is futile. Not a single automobilist that has ever driven a car of which he was not ashamed could truly swear that he has never exceeded a mile in five minutes, and a conventional law which ceases to describe how the majority of reasonable men behave soon fails to have value as a prescription directing them how they should behave. Yet this law is too young to be obsolete, too vigorously operated to be considered dead.

Every automobilist habitually breaks the law, but with or without impunity according to the whim of the local magnates. The absurdity of the regulation is recognised by the most careful men, but it is not yet laughed out of court. The order is not cancelled by grinning at it, and so impatient are some automobilists becoming that they cannot wait for the general spread of common-sense recognition of the twelve-miles-an-hour limit as foolish, they cannot endure perpetual fining till the letter of the law lies dead, but seek forthwith to repeal that part of the Act concerning cars which sets a limit to their speed. So eager are they that they actually offer the bait of registration and identification at sight, whereby Tom, Dick, and Harry can tick off the title of every tourist that passes, in order to catch the votes of anti-automobilists.

They call the Bill a "Registration Bill"; they tuck in it a clause to abolish speed-limits. It is clever, but is it wise? Can the policy of throwing whales to catch sprats ever be considered as economically sound? Surely, the better way, if it is impossible to get the law as to speed altered without giving such a very large quid for so small a quo,

would be to go on as at present, with a little patient hoping that a few sixpenny fines by enlightened Justices in cases where no harm was done or likely to be done would aid in the deadening of the letter of the law.

It is not a desire to be reckless that inspires every motorist to break the law. There is no general desire to hurry in unsuitable places, to scare uneducated horsemen, or to rush through villages, but a desire to proceed reasonably on an open road, when no traffic obstructs the highway, no corners obscure the view, and no offence could be given. It is then that constables hiding behind barns seem wastefully employed in cultivating the art of time-keeping on stop-watches that do not always go, and when they go are seldom read aright.

When automobilists clamour for the abolition of the speed-limit, their claim, to the uninitiated, sounds like a plea for rashness, a wish

to "scorch" legally instead of illegally. But all that is sought is that appropriate rules be made, not with a fixed limit lower than that of a decent cab-horse at all times and places. If the mere phrase setting forth furious driving as an offence for other carriages is not sufficient for motor-carriages, a code of rules could easily be modelled having regard to the emptiness of a road, its directness, and the freedom from tributary turnings.

Prescriptions of brakes in terms of the number of yards in which they can pull a car up at given speeds could be prepared, and, to prevent all possible abuse of reasonable freedom, the use of gears beyond certain limits could be for-

bidden, for the rational man cannot advocate racing rates for everyday use; and, just as the French authorities seal up and forbid the use of the third and fourth speeds of racing-cars except on special occasions, so it could, if necessary, be arranged that no cars should be constructed to do the railway speeds of sixty and seventy miles an hour, and yet give us a rational trebling of the present maximum on clear and suitable occasions.

It is only quite recently that English manufacturers have turned their attention seriously to the building of motors, for in this, as in so many other things, we have been slow to move. They certainly do some things better in France, and in motor construction this has, up to the present, been especially the case. The De Dion Bouton, Limited, established their manufactory some twenty years ago, and thus secured a long start in the motor-race, so to speak. They are now the largest manufacturers of light automobiles, and from their offices in Brook Street this enterprising French Company have supplied more than five hundred voiturettes and light cars to British customers. The grand total of motors turned out has been the enormous number of over thirty-five thousand, varying from three-quarters to ten horse-power. Their works cover several acres and employ more than a thousand hands.

On one of their cars, Mr. Stocks recently rode from Land's End to John o' Groat's in the shortest time on record, covering the distance in the surprisingly short time of 2 days 14 hours and 25 minutes, including stoppages.



EIGHT HUNDRED MOTOR-TRICYCLES AT THE DE DION BOUTON WORKS.

Photograph by Foulsham and Ranfield, Wigmore Street, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Goodwood.

It is a pity that the Coronation festivities should clash with the Sussex fortnight, as the Goodwood Meeting suffers severely. The course at Goodwood is simply perfection, and there should be capital sport until the end of the chapter. In the Lavant Stakes Arabi may win, and the Rous Memorial Stakes may be won by Flotsam, in the probable absence of Rock Sand. Rabelais may win the Prince of Wales's Sweepstakes, and Quintessence looks a good thing for the Molecomb Stakes. Sceptre ought to win both the Sussex Stakes and Nassau Stakes, and Doubtful Honour looks a certainty for the Goodwood Plate. The Goodwood Cup will be a very poor affair, and I can only suggest that the favourite will win. The Drayton Handicap I cannot deal with, as the Stewards' Cup result may alter the whole complexion of the race. Of the trainers, John Porter, Musker, Goodwin, and Blackwell should do well at the meeting; and of the jockeys, Lane, G. McCall, Martin, and Maher ought to shine. Many of the races on the straight course are won at flag-fall, and the horse first away is first home in nineteen races out of twenty. Some of our ancient riders who get off last and then stop in the middle of the race to take a long pull at their horse are not to be recommended on this course. It is needless to add that the general

remunerative odds of 40 to 1, and the present Lord Falmouth well remembers when Dutch Oven won the St. Leger starting at any price you like.

Poor Bookies.

I am told that quite thirty-three per cent. of the bookmakers trading in Tattersall's Ring are practically insolvent. I know of several big layers who have had to realise property recently so as to face the settling. The fact of the matter is, there are no swells betting now; the speculator is of a dog-eat-dog policy, and, if the truth must be told, the professional backers have a bit the best of it. They get to know the non-tries before the start, and invariably include the winner's name in little lots. The bookmaker as a gambler is a poor specimen at his best. He is a coward to the backbone if he thinks his customer knows anything. Age kills him. When he reaches the age of sixty, he begins to offer cramped odds, with the result that smart backers go elsewhere, and he is left with a book only half round. The betting at most of the big meetings has been bad ever since the War broke out in South Africa, and it is hardly likely to improve until our smart young warriors return. In the meantime, some few of the enterprising English commission agents have opened branch offices at the Seat of the late War, and, according to rumour, they drive a roaring trade. On the other hand, the old-fashioned bookies go on losing their money at



A HOT DAY AT THE RACES: A STUDY IN STRAWS AND PANAMAS.

arrangements for the meeting are perfect and reflect much credit on Mr. Dundas, the able Clerk of the Course. The presence of Lord March lends a charm to the fixture this year. The Duke of Richmond, who is the oldest member of the Jockey Club, carries his years fairly well, but, like H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, he stoops a little, and I must say the Earl of March looks a deal older than he did ten years back.

The St. Leger. Owing to the accident to Ard Patrick, the St. Leger betting is very likely to take a wide range before the numbers go up. Sceptre has been doing very well in her work of late, and Mr. R. Sievier thinks she holds an unbeatable chance. She is to be ridden by Hardy, a very nice-looking boy, by-the-bye, who always tries to do his best, and invariably rides strictly to orders. St. Brendan, the unbeaten Irish colt, is much fancied by dwellers on the other side of St. George's Channel, and he must take a lot of beating. The majority of good judges think that the race will resolve itself into a match between the two horses named, but I am not certain that Cupbearer will not beat the pair. I was much impressed with his running at Ascot when he beat Ard Patrick, and, if John Porter would only give orders for him to make all the running from start to finish at Doncaster, I think he would win, provided he did not bolt out of the course. One thing, he could not well interfere with anything in the race if he kept in front—that is, of course, so long as he went fast enough to hold his position. I believe him to be a real good colt, and it would be a feather in the cap of the Duke of Westminster if he were to win. It should not be forgotten that Throstle won the race for the Kingsclere stable starting at the

home, and I heard of a case the other day of one of the best-known men in Tattersall's Ring who had not experienced a single winning year during the last decade. Ten years ago, he might have retired on a competency; to-day, he is compelled to keep going on the off-chance of his being able to make a few pounds.

Owners.

It is good news to be told that Lord Rosebery is going to race once more in earnest. I hope his Lordship may own some good winners, as he is one of the most popular men on the Turf. Lord Cadogan, too, will have more time to devote to the Sport of Kings in the near future, and I believe he contemplates adding to his horses in training. Lord Alington has practically retired from the Turf, and his son, the Hon. H. Sturt, does not own horses, although he seldom misses a home meeting. Sir Frederick Johnstone, who, I am glad to hear, is better, owns only one or two racehorses now, and Lord Londonderry, Lord Lonsdale, and Lord Dunraven play the game very lightly. Luckily, the Dukes of Westminster, Devonshire, and Portland are liberal supporters of the Turf, and the Duke of Montrose has a few platers trained privately. The American owners running horses in this country have done badly this year, and the same may be said of the South African owners. I should say Mr. "Boss" Croker and Messrs. S. and J. Joel had dropped many thousands in trying to win races, while little men like Messrs. T. Southall, Pizzey, and Halluk win no end of races. Truly, there is no royal road to success on the Turf. Lord George Bentinck could not own a Derby winner, but John Hammond, who began his connection with the Turf in a very humble capacity, could. At any rate, his colt, St. Gatien, ran a dead-heat with Harvester.—CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE exodus that began several weeks ago, following that disastrous disappointment of Tuesday, June 24, has now culminated in a grand stampede, and every day Charing Cross, Euston, St. Pancras, Waterloo, and all the other great termini of an over-crammed Metropolis are besieged by top-heavy four-wheelers,



[Copyright.]

A USEFUL TAILOR-MADE FOR THE COUNTRY.

well-filled private omnibuses, and prosperous-looking broughams, all packed with hither-and-thither-bound passengers. There is no place on the earth's crust more teeming with interest or more full of the suggestiveness of human life than one of these great railway stations at holiday time. The hustling of luggage, the bustling of passengers, the look of expectation and excitement on every face, the obviously newly married, the portentously important paterfamilias marshalling a family, the golfing-men with cleeks and brassies and divers drivers, the well-groomed girl setting forth on country-house conquests with Paquin frocks and Céleste in attendance—one knows them all *par cœur*, and a dozen no less diverting types, each carrying his or her destination writ large on person and personnel. Even those prophets of palm-oil and bandits of backsheesh—the porters—seem to partake more of the general air of anticipation and have a more alert way of pocketing the nimble shilling and frequent sixpence at this season than any other. With the siren song of the sea whispering to us of plage and promenade as well as coral caves and golden sands, the bathing-costume point of view obtrudes itself agreeably on our attention. Elaboration and fanciful device are freely expended on these sea-going garments, and the peignoir of this season is a thing of grace and beauty. Stockingnette, though eminently becoming to the well-developed figure, silhouettes lines no less than curves, it should be borne in mind. So the slim and thin should keep to that well-tried friend—a close, fine serge. Spotted linen of a coarse texture which does not droop unduly in the water makes most effective trimming for the foregoing materials, and can be had in every possible

colour and combination. I saw a charming bathing-costume made for Ostend, which, done in our old friend, blue serge, was smartened up extremely by the addition of strappings, sash, and square collar in a bright-green linen with white spots, a sister-suit being rendered in white serge with trimmings of cherry-coloured, white-spotted linen.

Talking of the seaside reminds me that, amongst the many things necessary to comfort in a going-away *ensemble*, one trinity of inevitables especially stands forth, the first being a skin-tonic, equally necessary and beneficial whether for foreign sun-scorch or native sea-breezes. Amongst many, I am inclined to bestow the palm on "Lait Larola," which is an improved preparation of that cherished friend of our youth, Beetham's Glycerine and Cucumber. At all seasons, this emollient milk keeps the skin soft and velvety, but under the before-mentioned conditions it becomes the most cherished item of the dressing-bag. "Larola" toilet-soap should be used as an accompaniment of the "Lait Larola," being absolutely pure and impregnated with its emollient qualities. Number two on my list of creature comforts is another oft-tried, never-failing friend—the "Florida Water" of grateful recollection and New York preparation, the genuine water being prepared only by Lanman and Kemp, of that city. This simple floral extract of Florida has held first place in our affections and on our toilet-tables for so many years that praise or blame can neither make nor mar its world-wide reputation. A word in season as to the filling of our flasks when outward bound is, however, a timely hint for which many will be grateful at this season of dust, railway voyagings, and travel-stained exteriors. Last but distinctly not least on my list comes



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ONE OF THE NEW SPOTTED ALPACAS.

comfort for the inner man and woman during this time of thirst and dust and dry throats, and that is the unparalleled refreshment offered by Carter's Concentrated Lemon Syrup, which makes a refreshing drink in hot weather (when there is any!), and, being rich in citric

acid, is, moreover, a deodoriser which can be safely used with even water of doubtful supply and purity, such as one is so often treated to abroad. Carter's Concentrated Lemon Syrup is made in a "dry" quality as well, which cricketers, golf-maniacs, and other actively disposed Britons find excellent to "play on."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. F. (Elstree).—Would not brooches in L'Art Nouveau style be very welcome to the bridesmaids? I have seen excellent examples at Mappin Brothers, who are quite specialists in novel jewellery.

JOAN (Dunkeld).—I always recommend Foot, of Bond Street, for travelling gear. I think his trunks and bags are like the Emperor William—second to none. I forget his number, but "Foot, Bond Street," is enough.

SYBIL.

A NEW HARWICH-ANTWERP STEAMER.

The twin-screw steamer *Brussels*, which has just been added to the Great Eastern Railway Company's fleet running between Harwich and

Antwerp, though not the largest of their vessels, will be the leading passenger-steamer plying daily between the two points, her triple-compound engines giving her a speed of fifteen knots. She is steel-built, and her principal dimensions are: 285 feet between perpendiculars, 34 feet beam, and 16 ft. 6 in. depth moulded. Her tonnage is 1380 gross. The Great Eastern Railway Company has not for some time added to its fleet, and the inauguration of the *Brussels* was on July 12 specially celebrated by a trip and a lunch at the Harwich Hotel, presided over by Lord Claud Hamilton.

Among the guests were the Earl of Erne, Colonel McCalmont, M.P., Sir Henry Tyler, and others. Among those present were Mr. J. F. S. Gooday, General Manager of the Company, and Mr. C. Busk, the Continental Manager. From Parkeston Quay, Harwich, the vessel ran as far as the Hollesby Light-ship, a distance of fifteen miles, and back. The new steamer was built by Messrs. Gourlay, of Dundee. Great steadiness at sea and the absolute comfort of passengers have been achieved by the naval architects. A remarkable feature of the arrangements is the convenience afforded to ladies travelling alone, their saloon and cabins forming a self-contained section. The ventilation is admirable and the decorations have been carried out with the utmost taste. On the main deck is the dining-saloon, panelled in maple and satinwood and furnished in oak upholstered with green Utrecht velvet. Over the dining-saloon rises a lofty glass dome. The state sleeping-rooms and a luxurious smoking-room are situated on the upper promenade-deck, and on the lower deck are the first-class sleeping-cabins, each of which is fitted with a constant supply of water. There are about a hundred and sixty berths in all for first-class passengers. The vessel is lighted throughout with electric light. At the luncheon, Mr. Gooday gave a brief sketch of the history of the Harwich Continental Service, which started not very successfully in 1855 with chartered ships. These were followed in 1863 by boats owned by the Great Eastern Company, and twenty years later the first steamships built for the Company began the Antwerp service. In 1893 the Company inaugurated the Hook of Holland service, which has attained so much popularity and efficiency. Last year the Company carried over 159,000 passengers, 320,000 tons of cargo, and took £277,000. The Great Eastern Railway has achieved a wonderful record for punctuality.

The Coronation Cup, which was competed for by the German Emperor's new yacht *Meteor* in the Heligoland to Dover race, is of very beautiful design in sterling silver-gilt, and was presented by Sir Henry Seymour King, as per inscription. It was designed and modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, London, W.

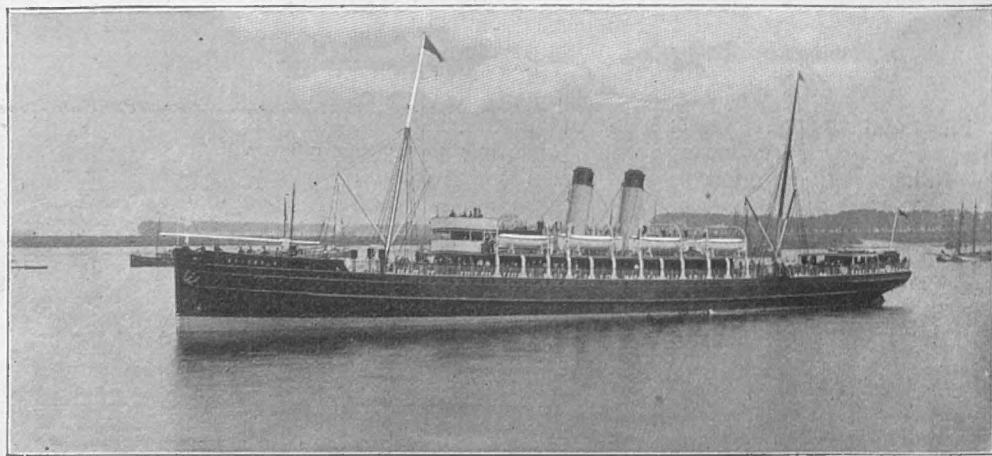
NOTES FROM BERLIN.

IN view of the fact that mention has been made in the English Press lately of the coming of age of His Royal Highness the Duke of Coburg (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*), the following notice published in the German Press is of interest: "According to the tradition of the House of Gotha, the Duke will not come of age until he is twenty-one—that is to say, on July 19, 1905. Until that date, the government of the Duchy will be carried on by his guardian, Hereditary Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The young Duke will remain for the present at Gross Lichterfelde"—this is a suburb of Berlin—"so as to pursue his studies under the personal supervision of the German Emperor. Later on, he will attend a German University, and then serve his term in the Prussian Army." The festivities which, according to certain correspondents, were to take place in August next in connection with the alleged majority of the Duke must be regarded as bearing a purely private character. "It is true that the Duke is, at the same time, an English Prince," continues the comment in the German Press; "this, however, has nothing whatever to do with the coming of age of a German Duke."

An edifying scene was enacted in one of the streets of Berlin this week, the chief actors in which were two Arabs. Dressed in the usual Eastern costume, these Arabs, belonging to a troop now on show, were walking along, arm-in-arm, perfectly peaceably and amicably. Suddenly a difference ensued; a violent altercation followed, ending in a fierce battle with fists, feet, and nails. No less than half-a-dozen policemen had to use all their combined strength and energy to separate the two combatants, who were led away, bleeding and shouting, to the nearest doctor's. The doctor spoke to them in French, and learnt that the quarrel was about a shawl which the one had accused the other of stealing. He succeeded in patching up their wounds and effecting a compromise, whereupon the two swarthy guests from Arabia walked away, happy and joyful, arm-in-arm and grinning from ear to ear.

The Emperor's children continue to enjoy the country delights of Cadinen. Owing to the impertinence of the cheap trippers, the delight of the Royal Family was considerably marred; now, things have been improved by a special bathing-place having been built for the children. Last week, horses and ponies arrived from Ploen and Cassel for the elder Princes. Prince Joachim and Princess Victoria Louisa have now begun to have riding lessons also. The place, Cadinen, is not very much to look at really; the accommodation is scant, and the house where the Royal Family resides far from beautiful. There is fairly good duck-shooting on the Haff, the south bank of which is thickly covered with sedge. For the rest, the main charm of the place lies in a ruined monastery, the remains of an ancient church, a host of little sailing-boats, and a few wood-covered hills. A little chapel forms part of the Castle; here special services are held on Sundays for the Royal children. On Monday, the 21st, a jolly excursion was made to Marienburg, where the party spent the whole day and picnicked near the Castle.

The Brighton Railway Company have just completed extended arrangements for through bookings to the Central and Eastern districts of Switzerland, *via* Newhaven, Dieppe, and Paris—the shortest, cheapest, and most comfortable route to all parts of Switzerland. The service commenced on the 15th inst., and will be a daily one. Through corridor carriages are now running between Dieppe and Paris, and passengers can dine comfortably *en route* in the restaurant-car. Sleeping-cars will run on the 8.35 through night-train from Paris-Est, due at Bâle at 6.30 next morning. Through carriages and a sleeping-car are also run on the same train to Innsbruck (for the Tyrol) and Vienna. For the convenience of passengers, arrangements have been made for the through registration of luggage to all stations in Switzerland to which through tickets are issued.



A NEW VESSEL FOR THE HARWICH-ANTWERP SERVICE: THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S PASSENGER-STEAMER "BRUSSELS."

Photograph by H. Pierou-Loodts.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 12.

THE MARKETS.

THINGS have not been cheerful since last these Notes were written, and the near approach of another pay-day, with still further losses to face, makes the market somewhat uneasy as to what will happen. It is notorious, as we said last week, that several accounts were arranged, and, had there been any improvement in Kaffirs, all would have been well; but, as things have turned out—well, we shall see.

When Cecil Rhodes died, it was pointed out in these columns that in times of stress his market support would be missed. The Beits, the Joels, the Robinsons, and the rest of the millionaires support markets only when they think there is money to be made by the operation; they are (without meaning any disrespect to them) money-makers pure and simple. Cecil Rhodes was of different stuff. He looked on money as a means to an end; the success of his schemes stood first in his mind, and if, to secure that success, he had to support markets even at the risk of heavy pecuniary loss, he never hesitated to do it. At such a time as the present, such a man would have been a godsend to the South African Market, and his death has made a great change.

The story of Mr. Rudd's retirement is, we have reason to believe, in substance true, and, if the actual announcement is delayed for a few weeks, or even months, it is none the less certain that he intends to leave off money-grubbing and devote himself to his hospitals, convalescent homes, and other forms of philanthropy, such as memorial churches to Cecil Rhodes, and the like. What "the Colossus" would have said about this particular form of memorial we leave those who knew him best to say!

Consols have been a bit harder of late, and the amount of stock open on the bull tack has sensibly diminished, but the failure of the Victorian loan (the underwriters were saddled with 82 per cent.) and the withdrawal of the British Columbian issue point to the fact that the public are not anxious to take any more 3 per cent. Colonial loans just at present. It is true that the Egyptian Irrigation bonds went well; but they were distinctly attractive, being quite as good a security as Unified and going to the subscribers fully six points below the price at which that stock can be bought. For our own money, we should prefer to hold Egyptian rather than Victorian or any other Australian provincial security, even if the rate of interest were the same, instead of being, in the case of the Irrigation bonds, a half per cent. better.

HOME RAILS.

Slowly but surely the Home Railway dividends are being announced, and they cannot be said to be, so far, unsatisfactory, as a whole, although they have not come up to the most sanguine estimates.

The following table shows the declarations and enables comparison to be made with the corresponding half of last year—

	First Half of 1902.	First Half of 1901.
Great Eastern	1½ ..	1½ ..
Great Northern	2½ ..	2½ ..
Great Central 1874 Pref. ..	2½ ..	Nil.
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	3½ ..	3 ..
London and Brighton	3 ..	2½ ..
Tilbury	4 ..	3½ ..
London and South-Western ..	4 ..	3½ ..
South-Eastern Ordinary ..	Nil. ..	Nil.
Chatham Pref. for year 1901-2 ..	3½ ..	for year 1900-1 £2 19s. 6d.
Metropolitan	2½ ..	2½ ..
Midland Deferred	2 ..	1½ ..

With the Great Eastern Report we have already dealt. The Great Central is enabled to pay on two Preference stocks that went short last year, and carries forward a balance of £30,340, against £1249 last year. This means paying away £52,000 more and adding £29,000 extra to its balance forward, without counting the £8000 which was, in 1901, taken from the contingent fund.

Nobody expected the South-Eastern to pay anything on its Ordinary, so nobody is disappointed, but, whereas last year over £14,000 was taken from reserve to pay the Preference dividends, on

this occasion these have all been earned, and £19,000 is carried forward. The position is, therefore, nearly £34,000 better than in 1901.

The Brighton Company has a gross increase of £42,159, with a decrease in the working expenses of £9686, and this would have been even better but for the heavy Parliamentary expenses, due to fighting several schemes which threatened to prejudice the Company. This line seems peculiarly liable to attack, and there is reason to expect that the fights will have to be renewed.

The Chatham Company has received a net revenue of £243,813, against £212,523 for the corresponding period, and has to take £20,000 from reserve to bring up the dividend on its Arbitration Preference to 3½. The accounts of the Joint Committee cannot be considered unsatisfactory, and are certainly better than was anticipated. for the revenue has come out with an addition of £76,000, against published receipts of only £22,000 increase.

The Great Northern Company has done well. To pay the 2½ per cent. last year, £60,000 was withdrawn from the contingent fund, and the quarter per cent. added to the dividend is equal to £21,000, so that, we expect, when the full report is published, the road will show that its available profits have improved by little short of £100,000.

The Midland return is more satisfactory than it looks at first sight, for the dividend is equal to 4½ per cent. on the old Ordinary stock, and compares with 4 per cent. last year, while the carry forward is £21,271, against £11,046.

Of the rest of the list there is very little to say. No one, for the present at any rate, expects either the Metropolitan or the District Companies to set the Thames on fire, although the mysterious meeting of the Preference shareholders of the latter Company summoned by Mr. Perks is exciting considerable gossip. After all, it probably only means some proposal for the modification of the shareholders' rights.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

After a lapse of nearly three years, our Johannesburg Correspondent is enabled to send us a letter from that famous gold-mining centre. We had hoped that our Correspondent would have got back to the Rand some months ago, but, through no fault of his own, he could not do so, and, although we had offers from other qualified persons, we preferred to wait for the gentleman who had served us through the

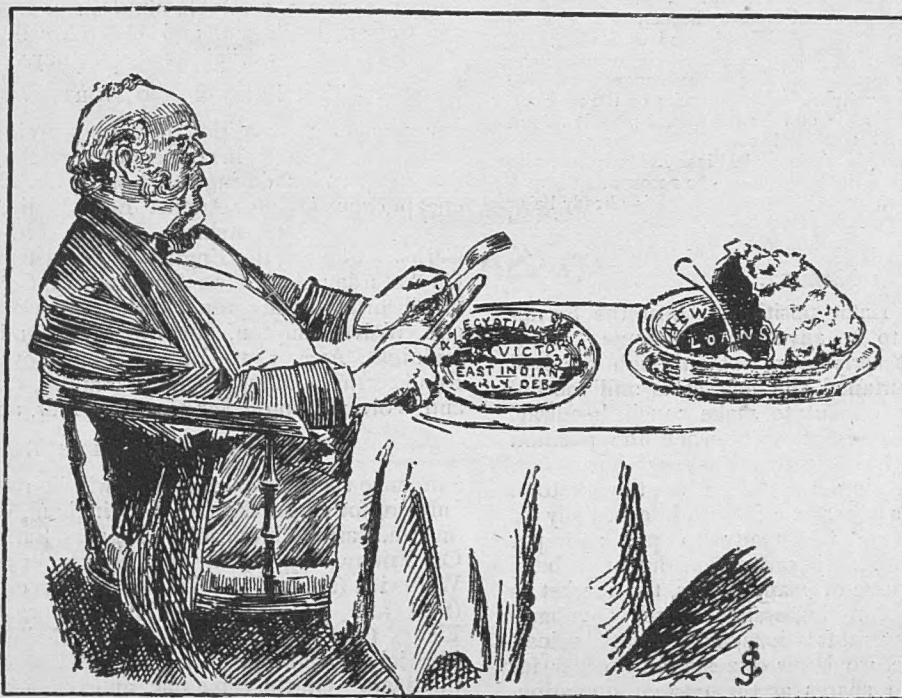
Jameson Raid and other times of stress, both faithfully and well. We hope, now that the correspondence has begun again, we shall be able to give his views on the position of the various groups, the numerous changes which the War has brought about, and the future of the industry. The present letter deals with the native-labour question, and will, we think, bring the difficulty of the situation very clearly before our readers.

THE POSITION ON THE RAND.

It is the same Johannesburg that one comes back to—the same dear old town of financial wonders and excitements, the same strenuous, nervous, money-making, and money-spending people—but it is the same with modifications. The dapper little Hollander no longer usurps the place of power at the railway-station and in the Mining Commissioner's office, and the bibulous Zarp has disappeared from the street-corners. King Khaki is now supreme in officialdom, crowding the streets and public offices. This is the most conspicuous change brought about by the War.

And, just as the town is the same, so the problems pressing for solution and engaging the attention of the mining industry are identical with what they were in Kruger's time. At the Clubs, the bars, in private houses, and wherever men congregate, the talk is still of native labour, just as it has been at any time these last ten or fifteen years. The War has not, so far, solved the labour difficulty, and the sanguine men are disappointed, but still hopeful of what the near future is going to show. As a result of the great scarcity of black labour, the re-starting of the mines is proving a most tedious business, and this reacts on the town in a thousand different ways, but chiefly in a falling share market involving loss to everybody, for everybody holds mining shares in Johannesburg.

Putting it in a nutshell, the labour position is this: There were 100,000 black workers on the Reef in September 1899; to-day there are only 30,000, and the net addition to the number each month is only a few thousands. Last month, for example, 5000 fresh arrivals were engaged, but 2000 of the old hands claimed their discharge, giving a net increase of only 3000. At this rate, it would take years to put the mining industry on a satisfactory working basis (and probably as many as 150,000 "boys" could be absorbed at once under the new conditions), but there are good reasons for thinking that with Peace restored the fresh arrivals will soon be on a much larger scale. It is doubtful, however, whether the very sanguine men will ever see their aspirations fully gratified, for the requirements of the Witwatersrand are likely to grow at a more rapid rate than the available labour supply of South Africa;



THE GILT-EDGED PIE.

JOHN BULL: *I've had enough of this pie for the present.*

hence a solution of the labour difficulty must be sought in some other direction. Along with native labour, one hears much about the old problem of lowering working costs at the mines. For the time being, the reductions in cost exist only on paper, and the men who predicted extravagant savings when Krugerism should give place to British rule are silent. An eminent mining-engineer estimated the saving at as much as 6s. a ton, and a leading London-South-African paper went one better and gave its readers chapter and verse for a lowering in costs to the extent of 7s. 6d. a ton. The leaders of the industry on the Rand are discreetly silent on the subject; but, while no one would now seriously look for a saving of even 5s. a ton as a result of the change of Government, there can be no doubt that by the War certain new conditions have been brought about which must eventuate in a lower scale of costs. It will take time, however, for the full effect of the new conditions to be felt, and, meanwhile, men find it difficult to agree as to the approximate saving which may ultimately be realised, and it is only common prudence not to make too much of the probable saving until the Imperial Government has shown its hand in the matter of the proportion of War-debt to be saddled on the new Colony.

To show how we are all at sea in calculating the precise effect in pounds, shillings, and pence of the new conditions, take the evergreen question of native labour. The rate of pay is about ten shillings per month less than it was before the War, and, on a basis of 100,000 Kaffirs, this would mean the very respectable saving of £600,000 per annum. Yet Mr. Albu declares that at some of the mines controlled by him, going by actual results, labour is dearer, and not cheaper. Many mines would probably corroborate this opinion. Not only is the recruiting of the Kaffir labourer an expensive process, but the class of labour so far obtained is much inferior to that employed before the War. The old "boys" are not, as a rule, coming back (though they may yet do so), and it takes time and money to make the new hands efficient. When the news of Peace reaches the uttermost parts of Mozambique and other East Coast districts, it is just possible that the old, trained workers may swarm back in crowds, and this would upset all calculations based on the existing state of things. The leaders of the industry are determined to stick to the reduced scale of pay, and we may regard it as certain that the consequent saving will one day be fully realised, but, for a certain time, labour must be unsatisfactory, with the results varying at different mines.

Explosives are appreciably cheaper, the Dynamite Company, in order to prolong its monopoly of the trade, having done what it declared to be impossible in the Kruger days, namely, reduced its price to something like a fair rate. The saving on this head is estimated at £300,000 per annum. Coal is also cheaper, as a result of competition, but, having specified the two articles of dynamite and coal, everything else in the way of mining requisites is dearer than before the War. Here again, as in the case of native labour, time is all that is required to bring about changes favourable to the mines. Transport at present is abnormally high, and this tells on the mines at a distance from the line of railway, but the close of the War should remedy this at once. On the other hand, the new line of railway directly connecting with many of the mines will greatly reduce the cost of coal, &c., while Lord Milner has promised that railway rates are to be reduced. The high Customs tariff on the necessities of life is also to be revised, while Colonial produce from the Cape and Natal is already being admitted to the Transvaal free. The economies already effected or in sight will certainly more than outweigh the 10 per cent. tax on profits.

THE MINING MARKET.

We have already alluded to the Kaffir position. Until the Settlement is over, there is not likely to be any material change. Rates have been easier than at the last carry-over, but, although the bull account is undoubtedly largely curtailed, the market is still too full of stale bulls to allow any improvement to make much headway. Our readers will not forget that it is at times when the position looks most doleful that upward movements usually start; but, on the principle of never expecting to get in at the bottom, it may yet be well to wait for some sort of a lead, especially in the case of those buyers who are not ready to pay and put away what they purchase. The late improvement has not been maintained in Westralians; in the case of many shares, the market is strictly limited, and it is next-door to impossible to sell any large block of shares without knocking several fractions off the quoted prices. In the case of one important mine, we know of a standing order for over a week to sell three thousand shares at the current quotation, but, so far, it has been impossible to dispose of more than one-half of the lot, and this in connection with a concern whose shares come out on the tape three or four times a day. In the case of the majority of the less important Companies, there is only one buyer, and that is "the shop." When Lake Views were well over three, we urged several correspondents to take their profits, and the result has justified our advice, for these shares have been, and still are, the weakest spot in the whole market.

Among the Rhodesian Companies things have been very unpleasant, and Chartered were below 3 at one time. The reports of the Geelong and West Nicholson Mines—two of the best Rhodesian concerns—are by no means encouraging, and the proposal of both Companies to issue 6 per cent Debentures is not relished. It used to be quite a recommendation that there were large old workings on a property; but perhaps, after all, the ancients were not such fools as we supposed and did not abandon places until the gold looked like coming to an end.

Saturday, July 26, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

F. H. O.—You should have read the Note at the head of this column, and you would not then have sent your photos to "the City Editor." We have returned them to you.

ASTON.—The Company is no good. It may be worth while to pay the 3d. a share on the chance of getting somebody to buy at a price which will give you a bit back.

COURT.—Your letter was answered on the 22nd.

J. G.—The Consols receipt is in the usual form. We have never seen any other.

J. B.—We do not see what you can do except pay the call, for which you are legally liable. We have no faith in the Company, and the sooner you sell your shares the cheaper it will be for you.

BIRCHINGTON INVESTOR.—The concern is to be run to work in harmony with Pearson's Fire Alarm Company. It would not suit us for an investment of our own money.

AMI.—Your letter shall be answered next week. It arrived too late for us to make the necessary inquiries. The Company is said to be doing well in France.

BANK HOLIDAY RAILWAY FACILITIES.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their principal City and West-End offices. On Wednesday, July 30, an excursion will run to Cheltenham, Worcester, Malvern, &c.; on Thursday, July 31, to Cork (Exhibition), Killarney, Belfast, Giant's Causeway, &c.; on Friday, Aug. 1, to Stratford-on-Avon, Crewe, Manchester, Waterford, Killarney, &c.; and at midnight to Merthyr, Cardiff, Swansea, Carmarthen, Tenby, New Milford, Oxford, Birmingham, Wolverhampton (Exhibition), Chester, Birkenhead, Liverpool, &c.; on Saturday night, Aug. 2, to Swindon, Bath, Bristol, &c.; on Sunday, Aug. 3, a special express excursion will be run to Yeovil, Taunton, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, &c.; and to Swindon, Gloucester, Cheltenham, &c.; and at night to Weston-super-Mare, Torquay, Plymouth, &c.; Oxford, Leamington, Wolverhampton (Exhibition), &c.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY

will run special excursions to Paris, *via* Folkestone and Boulogne and Dover and Calais, on Thursday, July 31, Friday, Aug. 1, and Saturday, Aug. 2, leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. and 9 p.m. and Cannon Street at 9.5 p.m.; also from Charing Cross, *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, at 10 a.m. on Saturday, Aug. 2. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on Saturday, Aug. 2. Cheap return tickets to Boulogne will be issued at Charing Cross on Aug. 1, 2, and 3, available until Aug. 6, and by certain services only. On Bank Holiday, special day excursions will be run to Boulogne and Calais from Charing Cross. Cheap tickets will be issued to Calais on Aug. 1, 2, and 3, available until Aug. 6. Cheap tickets to Brussels, *via* Calais, Boulogne, and Ostend, will be issued from July 30 to Aug. 4 inclusive, available for eight days.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN COMPANY

announce that additional express trains will be run and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North-Western passenger trains during the holidays. The Company also announce cheap excursions for August Bank Holiday as follows: On Thursday night, July 31, to Ashton, Batley, Birkenhead, Blackpool, Buxton, Carlisle, Chester, the English Lake District, &c., for six or eight days. On Saturday, Aug. 2, to Birmingham, Coventry, Dudley, Dudley Port, Kenilworth, Leamington, Northampton, Walsall, Warwick, Wednesbury, and Wolverhampton, for three, six, and seven days. On Sunday midnight, Aug. 3, to Birmingham, Coventry, Dudley, Dudley Port, Kenilworth, Leamington, Northampton, Walsall, Warwick, Wednesbury, and Wolverhampton, for one, two, four, and five days.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that cheap excursions will be run as follows: On Wednesday, July 30, for eight days, to Sheringham, Cromer (Beach), Mundesley-on-Sea, Yarmouth (Beach), Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe. On Friday, Aug. 1, for five, eleven, or sixteen days, from London, Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E. and C.), Victoria (S.E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G.N.), &c., for Northallerton, Richmond, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, and other stations in Scotland. On the same day, an excursion for three, six, or eight days will be run to Peterborough, Nottingham, Doncaster, Manchester, &c. On Saturday, Aug. 2, for three, six, or eight days, from London, Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S.E. and C.), Victoria (S.E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross, &c., for Cambridge, Cromer, Yarmouth, Bolton, and other principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern districts.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY

announce that cheap excursion trains will be run from London on Friday night, Aug. 1, to Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, &c., for five or eleven days, and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Ayr, &c., for five and eleven days, by which trains third-class return tickets will be issued at about a single fare for the double journey, available for sixteen days. On Friday midnight, Aug. 1, for three, six, or seven days, and on Saturday midnight, Aug. 2, for two, five, or six days, to Leicester, Nottingham, Manchester, Stockport, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, &c. On Saturday, Aug. 2, a cheap excursion train will be run to Birmingham, Walsall, Wolverhampton, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Manchester, Liverpool, Blackpool, Rochdale, the Furness and English Lake Districts, Sheffield, Harrogate, York, Scarborough, Newcastle, Carlisle, &c., for three, six, or seven days.

THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that, for the convenience of holiday-makers on the Continent, cheap tickets will be issued to Brussels, available for eight days, *via* Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning. For visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle, for Switzerland, special facilities are offered, *via* the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg on July 30 and Aug. 2, returning Aug. 3 and 6.